

THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY



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E. FATOR

"When They Saw The Star"

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Mother and Child



The Prophecy Fulfilled

And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And the angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and goodwill toward men."

And it came to pass, as the angels went away from them the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger.

One can possibly pay a visit to the Holy Land at any time without being profoundly moved; it is quite different to any other specially to the devout Christian Jew. The Bible seems to be quickened into life as we gaze upon the sights and where they were cast, and imagination going at full play up pictures of varying color in Prophets, Priests and Kings before one in solemn and importance.

For instance, can stand within Jerusalem, the Holy City, and on its walls and towers for time without being profounded! There it stands to-day on all majestic in its solemn dignity, not the Jerusalem of old; Jerusalem of David, of Solomon, the city whose streets were by the feet of Him who was of all its great ones. Their tomb is buried under the debris of centuries.

It is there to-day, and although of its greatest beauty and grandeur as its appearance goes, towards this place the feet of millions of pilgrims move, and those though scattered among all the earth yet look towards their material and spiritual home, come towards it with breakers, singing:

"Forget thee, oh Jerusalem, let me hand forget its cunning if she be not above my chief

ing the sacred city by one of

its gates, and gazing around

we have the sacred places

one by one. We see

Zion and Mount Moriah, the

with its dome hidden by the

Omar, and reflect that on

that spot probably Abraham

brought Isaac on that fateful

Church of the Holy Sepulchre,

is also pointed out to us and

that the city wall is that

far away, where our dear

crucified, who died to save

us

and scenes without feelings of

reverence rising, and with-

Christmas in the Holy Land

By Colonel Isaac Unsworth, International Headquarters

out seeing as it were coming out of this Jerusalem, the shadows of the past, when the Temple stood out in its shimmering whiteness, the palaces and gardens of Israel's Kings, and moving about in the Grottoes, Priests of the Living God in their beautiful garments on their way to offer up their sacrifices and enter into the Holy place where Deity came closer to men than ever before, and the Glory of Heaven was seen by mortals who trembled at the sight. Could we not hear the glorious singers singing their wondrous songs again, until in the pure enthusiasm of worship the crowds, giving way to their feelings, danced for joy! Again could we not see Him whose Name is sweetest walking about those streets with His simple disciples, preaching in the Temple and Synagogues with the crowd looking on Him, and the sick and sorrowing pleading before Him with upturned eyes of hope. There is the Pool of Healing where the helpless man lay, and looking up, heard the wonderful words falls from the stranger's lips, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And can we forget the place where that peerless spirit faced the weak vacillating Roman Judge, and witnessed for the Truth, the place of scourging, the walk along the Street Dolorosa, the Cross, and the cry, "Elo, Elo, Lanna Sabacthani?"

Wonderful as are the thoughts and the pictures the mind can form of the past, as a Salvationist, one could not forget the visit paid to this sacred place by our sainted Founder some few years ago. The visit we know was ever held by this great traveller as one of the most wonderful experiences of his wonderful life.

On the occasion of my recent visit I found many who were present at the meetings which were conducted by the General on the occasion of the visit and we heard such a sweet story showing that here God set His great seal on the effort made. There

is a saintly man living near the city who will ever remember the visit of our Founder, for it was at the Meeting held in the Mission Church that he found the Saviour. He formerly held the position of butler to a wealthy man. Alas! under the stress of temptation he robbed his employer and was carrying on a daily system of quiet fraud unsuspected by his employer. He entered the Meeting and listened to the General. Conviction took hold of his soul, and he was found among the seekers that night. After the Meeting he went straight to his employer, confessed his crime, and professed himself willing to make any restitution his master might demand. As he declared his conversion his employer wept and assured him that he was forgiven.

He faithfully served his master until death separated them. He has still kept green his experience and testimony and lives in the respect of his fellow men, who look upon him as a miracle.

Whilst all we say is true concerning the Holy City, we will not forget the sacredness and charm of those dear spots around which also bring up tender memories as we blend them to our earliest days at mother's knee or Sunday School.

Leaving the city by St. Stephen's Gate, one descends towards the Valley of Jehoshaphat. On the way we pass the wonderful Pool of Siloam, and a little farther on there is a group of old olive trees and a garden where sweet-faced women are tending flowers and shrubs. The sweetest, saddest spot surely in the world. Here it was He prayed in that poignant agony until He sweat great drops of blood. Surely even Calvary itself was no more painful than this. Yes it was in Gethsemane that the grass was bedewed with the blood of His terrible travail.

We cross the place where Kedron

once flowed, and wend our way up the slopes of Olivet towards the Mount. A Greek nunnery is on the summit and the Sisters point us to the Tomb of Martha, the sister of Lazarus. Away along the road on the other side of the Mount we soon come in sight of that place so dear to us because it is so linked up with the most tender episodes of that wonderful Life. Nestling close by the side of a small hill is Bethany, and here there is pointed out to us the house which was formerly the home of Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus. The Arabs have named it El Ariaro, the Home of Lazarus.

Here, again and again, the Master rested after His long journeys, and received the hospitality of those dear friends who loved him so well. There is the house of Simon the Leper, where Mary broke the box of ointment and poured it out, the fragrance of which outlasts time.

As one came away and walked back along the road towards evening, there was a sight which in its simple picturesque simplicity seemed to obliterate time and the long centuries. It was the peasants returning from the great city to their homes in Bethany. There sat the swarthy Syrian on his ass, dressed in his robes, with his turban on his head. Walking with tired feet behind was the patient wife, with veil covering her face and in dress unchanged since when the sisters above mentioned walked along the same road. Further along were other women making preparations for the evening meal; some with water bottles on their shoulders; others making up the fire outside and busying themselves in other ways. What moved us most, however, was when we reached the summit and by a sudden turn found ourselves looking upon the great city as the evening sun was casting its golden sheen over its domes and towers.

It must have been very near to this spot where the Master saw that same sight of the old city and wept over it, as He predicted its coming doom.

Yes, it was most impressive to think

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Christmas in the Holy Land

By Colonel Isaac Unsworth, International Headquarters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

that these very stones we might be walking on, as with solemn thought we made our way towards the city on this eventful eve, were trodden by the feet of Jesus so many years ago. Truly these stones of the road in their inarticulate way were speaking to us that evening.

But the time almost of all times for the Christian to visit the Holy Land is at Christmas. This was my great privilege and joy. I was scarcely inside the city before I was hailed by some dear friends belonging to various churches and asked if I would join a party that was going out to Bethlehem that evening.

To think of such a journey stirred up every emotion of my soul. Leaving Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, we were soon on the old road. On passing some mounds we were informed they were the tombs of some of the ancients. After going seven long miles we caught our first sight of Bethlehem. Like Jerusalem, it is a city set on a hill. The streets are narrow, and the people are industrious and devout. The whole city almost is Christian, and as we pushed along we were made aware of the great festival approaching by the crowds of men and women who, in suitable attire, were making their way in the direction of the Church of the Nativity.

There are really two Churches of the Nativity. One quite new, a large gorgeous structure built on modern lines and close by the older place, showing signs of the wearing down of the centuries. Going down many steps one is shown the spot which tradition declares was once the common Inn where the poor Mother and Joseph repaired that fateful night, and were compelled to make their resting place in the still more common stable. Here among the kindly cattle the sweet Babe was born, the world's wonder Child.

"Brightest and best of the Sons of the Morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lead us Thine aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid."

Our little party filed through the narrow tortuous streets from one side of the city to the other, and found ourselves at last in a small church. We were soon singing out the glad song which on that night is sung in almost all Churches in Christendom: "Oh, come all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant, Come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem, There to behold Him, born the King of Heaven,

Oh come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord."

A grand hymn, always fresh, always new, but under such conditions as we sing it on this Christmas eve grander and more inspiring than ever.

The simple narrative of the birth was read from the Gospels and then prayer. Surely Christmas with its wonders was fast breaking upon us with strange new vision, and in a strangely real and hallowed way.

After this service there was a call or volunteers to go down to the Shepherds' Plains, some distance away. Making our way out into the open what was our joy at beholding almost a full moon well up in the heavens, casting its sheen like shimmering silver over the city. Outside the city we proceeded down a steep ill by a narrow road paved with

stones until we reached the plain below. Making a turn we discovered an old Roman road going in the direction for which we were making. The stones were worn like the roads one sees in the excavated city of Pompeii, but otherwise the road was in a good state of preservation. The fact that this road still remains as it is, helps us to feel that the fields on either side of it have continued almost in their present state also.

These wonderful fields remind us of David who, as a boy, must have roamed about them. They are still under cultivation during the season. Are they not the fields of Boaz? And was it not in these fields that Ruth gleaned? And was it not probably coming through these fields the Disciples plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath Day to the disgust of the Pharisees?

We can also picture the poor desolate widow and her daughter trudging along from far distant Moab, the grim outline of whose hills we can discern in the far distance. The happy ending of the story links us historically to the Royal Birth.



Colonel Unsworth

Finding a great square of trees and a wall about them we discover that our journey is at last at an end. These are the Shepherds' Plains. Soon our feet touch the ground where it is said the shepherds tending their flocks on that first Christmas Eve had the most wonderful revelation made to them that has ever come to men.

Suddenly the heavens opened before their wondering gaze and the heavenly host appeared, calming their fears by the astonishing declaration of the birth of Him who had come from their far-off land.

Music filled the air and singing such as earth had never listened to rang out—

"Glory to God in the Highest; On earth peace, good-will among men."

Here was the announcement which came from Heaven, alas we wait yet in hope and patience for its complete fulfilment.

* * * *

We hurried back to Jerusalem treasuring in our hearts the new blessing which had come to us, and before our Master in that simple lodging we renewed afresh our consecration to Him for time, and laid our lives down before Him until His Call summons us into His presence.

"Mild He says His glory by,

Born that man no more may die;

Born to raise the sons of earth,

Born to give them second birth."

The Boy who Preached with a Shovel

A Christmas Story for the Young People

It was Christmas evening, and Florrie was snuggled up in a corner of the lounge with a book in her lap, just in the middle of a most delightful story. The boys were playing in the corner with the toys that Santa Claus had left in their stockings the night before. Tom was putting his locomotive together, and Jack was arranging a Children's Home with his alphabet blocks. Twenty-six children were ranged about the carpet; some of them in bed, some eating soup out of Florrie's china dishes, one desperate fellow in solitary confinement behind the door, and a long row learning to read from bits of newspaper.

Presently the Children's Home was turned into a gymnasium, where twenty-six little aerobists stood on their heads, walked on their hands, turned somersaults, and performed all manner of wonderful feats. Then they were all prisoners in the Penitentiary and Tom was invited to preach to them. This was his sermon:

"Dear friends, folks ought to be good and not steal things and quarrel and get angry. When you begin to be bad you can't tell how bad you may get to be. Our Young People's Sergeant-Major told us last Sunday of a boy who began to be bad by not letting his brother have his skates when he didn't need them at all himself, and when he grew up he set a house afire."

"Is that true Tom?" asked Jack with very big eyes.

"Course not, that's a f'ustration. Sermons are true and f'ustrations are just to make you understand 'em. Now my friends, you mun'st steal, or do any more bad things, 'cause you can't do them anyway, and if you try to get out they'll shoo' you."

The prisoners were now marched back to their cells under the lounge. Tom lay on the carpet with his arms under his head and said very slowly: "When I'm a man I shall be an Army Officer and preach to real prisoners."

"But you said a little while ago that you were going to be an engineer," said Florrie, looking up from her book.

"Well, p'raps I shall," said Tom. "I could think up my sermons all the week and then go and preach 'em on Sundays."

"Oh, you can't do that," said Florrie.

"I could," persisted Tom.

Florrie looked at papa, who was smiling at them over the top of his Christmas "War Cry," and asked doubtfully, "Could he papa?"

"I suppose he could," said papa. "But I thought Officers had to be just Officers and not part something else."

"Quite true," said papa, "but you don't need to be an Officer in order to preach sermons. I know of a boy who preaches first rate sermons, and he does a great many other things—goes to school, brings in wood and takes care of a horse."

"Me papa?" asked Tom.

Papa laughed and shook his head. "He preaches them to people on the street; he preached one to me tonight."

"Oh," said Florrie, and Tom sat straight up and looked at papa.

"He preaches them with a shovel."

Tom laughed heartily at this and Florrie looked more puzzled than ever. Jack came and leaned his arms on papa's knee.

"Now, papa," he asked, "how could anyone preach with a shovel?"

"I'll tell you," said papa. "All

through this month of snowy weather here has been one hundred Dufferin Street, of clear, cold walk, no matter how early it may be, it is always clean to the very edge of the People look their way through the slush, or wade through the narrow, tangled rest of the way; but he comes to his place, they stand still, and stand up straight a long breath. It makes them rest to look at him who keeps that sidewalk clean a session with his shovel a sermon on doing your work and not slacking; a sermon things promptly without delay a sermon on sticking to things day with it wearing a smile doing your own part without for other people to do them."

"Maybe a man does it."

"No, it is a boy; I have seen it at it. I saw him one day was showing very fast, and

"Why do you clean up like that?" said he. "But this snow is out of the way. I can break now easily, but when it is down it makes hard work."

that a first rate sermon to one who does his work in the best way preaches a sermon around him."

The door bell rang and called papa away, but Tom began one of the little crooked men he had made for the hen-house back yard, and what a size pile of kindlings he had split in kitchen range, and he made mind he would try and preface mon with the shovel and the next day.

Florrie saw that her mother laid aside her own book to the pictures to Little Nell.

"That's what mamma is doing," she thought, "preaching mon about loving other people than yourself; I guess I'll be one about 'Do unto others' as Eric left her story and announced little sister until her blue eyes too sleepy even for smiles."

The next day Tom widened and shovelled it clear down a firm ground, and then he called to admire it.

"It's nice," said Jack. "It's as nice as that sermon by papa make. Suppose we go and make path for poor Mrs. Brown."

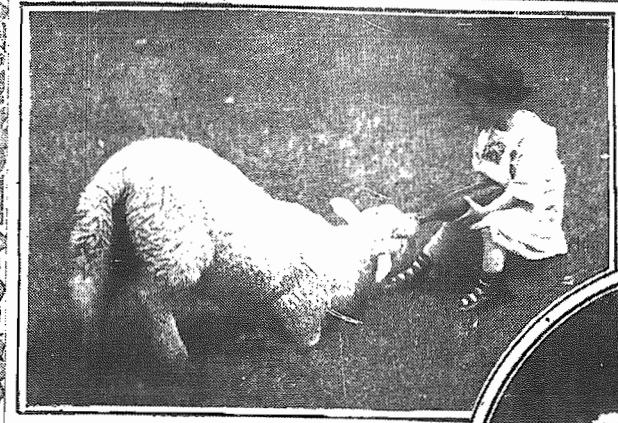
"Come on," said Tom. "It's a sermon about—about what?"

"Being kind," said Jack. "I don't know what the text is unless it's the Golden Text with Company Meeting last Sunday one another."

"That's a pretty good text, Tom; it's fit to most anything. Say, we've learnt something Christmas haven't we?"

.WORK IN FAITH

Sow with a generous hand; Pause not in toil or pain; Tire not the strength of heat or cold; Tire not the strength of the cold spring; But wait till the Autumn comes For the showers of golden grain; Sow, and look onward, upward Where the bright ray light appears; Where, in spite of the clouds, the heart's trembling soul; You shall reap up in joy the harvest you have sown to-day in tears."



Typical Country Life Enjoyments of Canadian Juniors

Thousands of Boys and Girls like these are being taught to love and serve God under the Flag of the Salvation Army

Christmas Experience and Practice

by The General

THE coming of Jesus Christ, and His taking to Himself of our flesh and blood, began a new, a most remarkable experience for the world.

It was, in a certain way, a new experience for the Divine Son Himself. This is indeed what we celebrate at Christmas. It is this which fills us with joy. Inasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood. He also Himself likewise partook of the same. He was born into our conditions. He was a helpless babe; clothed and nursed and brought up as a babe; and then as a child, and then He became a working man. All this is very wonderful, and it never loses its wonder and its charm—God made to be Man!

He held the highest place above.

Adored by Sons of flame,

And such His self-denying love.

He laid aside His crown

To seek the lost at any cost

Of Heavenly rank and earthly fame,

He sought us, Blessed be His Name!

But His coming was something more than this. It was, as I have said, a new experience for the world. It opened the way for the realization of that new experience in human life as a whole—but it likewise brought near to every individual soul the promise of a share for itself in that experience. Our religion is in its promise, universal; but our experience of it is personal. It is for all, but it is for each.

And these two facts strengthen one another. The promise to all supports the experience in the individual, and the experience of the individual supports the promise to all. The wide and glorious promise of Salvation by the life and death of the Babe of Bethlehem reaches out to the utmost limits of human sin; and sorrow; but the proof of that promise is seen in its glad and conquering fulfilment in the experience of each believing soul. We know by an inward assurance that it must be possible for all, because we know by an inward assurance that it is possible for us—that it is in very truth ours, yes—'we have heard Him ourselves, and know . . .'

The knowledge that this experience is ours gains force and joy because we see how the same grand deliverance is promised to all, and because we perceive that what we now realize and feel multitudes of others who have believed have also realized and felt. Salvation for us is made more real, more splendid, more triumphant because we see that the door by which we entered into Life is in actual fact wide open to all who will obey the call. Hallelujah! 'We believe, not because of thy saying'—or of any

saying of another—'for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ.'

Oh, my dear reader, has He spoken to you?—have you heard Him?—have you stopped amid the turmoil of this passing time to hearken to His voice?—have you waited to hear His word of life for your soul? If not, will you do it now, this very Christmas, in this happy season? If you will you shall surely have this same personal, inviolate experience of His power for yourself. And then, knowing it, by the Blood of the Lamb and the power of the Holy Ghost.

as for the temple and the great assembly. It is for the factory and the pit, just as much as for the Church or the Citadel. We see this in Jesus Christ's own teaching. We see it in the effect of the teaching of His disciples. We see it also in the teaching of Paul, who perhaps had clearer and more vivid ideas of what Jesus was and what we would do for us than had any of the other Apostles.

Paul realized, too, the great importance of the promise that Jesus will come again—continually lifted his own thoughts and thoughts of his converts to that grand and glorious day when the Crucified shall Himself come back in outward Form, but in majesty and power, and gather His own to Himself.

But both as to the first coming—humiliation in the stable at Bethlehem and in the future coming in His Glory. Paul wanted nothing which takes away our attention from everyday religion, from devout faith and service, from honest duty done, from daily love shown forth. And so he says:—

'Now we beseech you, brethren, the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto Him. That ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit nor by word, nor by letter as if from us; as that the day of Christ is at hand; . . . but we beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more; that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you; that ye may walk honestly toward them to whom ye are without, and that ye may have nothing.'

So that Jesus Christ's coming is for that first Christmas-time, not only a new inward experience of the Divine—of the supernatural—of the conquering—of the triumphant—of the Heavenly; it is also a new order of life, giving a new

purpose to the humblest and simplest, as well as the greater things—bringing a new power for duty, a new force to win the battle against the world, the flesh, and the Devil. Never forget that the tenderness of the Babe, the sympathy of the Divine Master lead always to the law of Holiness and to the sacrifice of self for the Salvation of others.

Then we shall show to all that we believe not because of this saying and that, but because we have heard Him ourselves and know that He is the Saviour of the world. If we believe that He is relying upon us to show ourselves boldly on His side and to battle for Him, we shall turn away from the vain controversies that are found in the religious world just as certainly as we turn away from the shop windows of the world fashion.



General Bramwell Booth

you will say with us, and with those people of old, that you also 'know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.'

But this holy experience was not intended to stop with those who enjoy it. Its mighty fruits were to be seen in its influence on others—in the most practical things of everyday life. Jesus Christ came into everyday life in everyday fashion—a Babe—a Child—a Workman—a Servant—a Friend of sinners—a Lover of little children—a Man of troubles and sorrows—a Man of prayer and faith—One who learned obedience by the very things He suffered.

So the wonderful, personal experience of holy things and of Divine power over sin which He came to bring—which He was born to bring—enters into everyday affairs. It is for the kitchen and the nursery, as well

Christmas on Three Continents

BY COMMISSIONER SOWTON

HOW the approach of Christmas brings back many memories to one who like myself has spent nearly 40 years in the Lord's Harvest Field in many parts of the world. Christmases amid the cold and ice of north European countries, Christmases again in tropical lands, or on Canada's western prairies, or among the slum population of the big cities to the south of us, and all of those Christmases full of earnest effort to bless, help and cheer those in spiritual and temporal need, and also full of that joy and peace which loving service for Christ brings.

But naturally among these many occasions there are some that stand out more than others. My first Christmas in a foreign land was one of them. Only about a month before I had suddenly been farewelled from a Lancashire Division in England and appointed to the charge of the newly commenced Salvation Army work in Norway, and on Christmas Eve our dear old Founder and General, William Booth, was to dedicate our newly erected Army Temple in Christiania. The train was late, and the long wait in the biting cold a trying ordeal for the hundreds of Salvationists and friends who were lined up outside the station anxious to get the first glimpse of our veteran Leader, and to shout their welcomes as he passed along the railway platform.

How strange it all seemed on Christmas Day with those crowded meetings right from six in the morning, and not only seats but aisles packed all the way up to the front. Then the many candles and lights burning in every window as a reminder that Christ the Light of the World had come; the sheaves of corn stuck up outside practically every house to provide Christmas cheer for the birds, and many other customs seemed so strange when seen for the first time. And yet the Army spirit in those Norwegian

comrades was just as much in evidence as in the land of its birth from which I had just come. The hallelujahs as the weeping penitents surrounded the altar, the earnest pleadings with the halting ones, the outpourings of prayer in what then to me was an unknown tongue, and above it all the short effective sentences of the General, so ably and instantly translated by Commissioner Booth-Hellberg; and as the temperature spiritually as well as otherwise rose in that crowded building and the holy enthusiasm increased, with our Leader's voice (although hoarse with so much speaking) still urging the un-

converted to decision and encouraging us to more faith and prayer on their behalf, we felt that surely the angels' message had been fulfilled and that in many hearts peace and goodwill had entered, so that when we, near midnight, finished the last of that memorable day's meetings, we felt it had been a Christmas well spent.

But my mind passes on a few years to a Christmas in New York City. The Salvation Army in the States had been passing through a period of special difficulty, but in spite of this our Leaders there thought some extraordinary effort should be made to bring cheer to the needy in the slums of the great city, and astonished the public by announc-

this same method for raising funds for our now almost universal Christmas dinners for the poor was soon copied in all parts of the world.

I had at that time the oversight of the Scandinavian work of the Army in the United States, and after the usual early Christmas morning service, so dear to the Swede whether abroad or in his homeland, we wended our way to Madison Square Gardens, where hundreds of willing hands were already hard at work packing Christmas baskets. Chickens by the thousand, mountains of bread, vegetables and provisions of every necessary kind met our gaze, and soon my Scandinavian comrades and I were hard at work with the others, but long before the last basket was packed the great crowd who were to receive them began to gather, to whom tickets had been carefully distributed by our Officers days before in all the poorer districts of the city, and ere the last thinly clad woman in that long procession had been the glad recipient of her full-to-overflowing Christmas basket, the hungry crowd of men from the Bowery began to line up. Some 20,000 had been provided for by basket dinners in their own homes, and still there were 5,000 or more to sit down at tables. What a sight it was to see that great building filled with hungry men and boys, with here and there a woman or child also, all sitting down to a well cooked Christmas dinner.

The tables were filled again and again, and meanwhile band music, singing and pictures reminded our guests of Him in whose honor the Birthday Feast was held; and when, near midnight, after an 18 hour day we reached our homes, although ready to drop with fatigue, we were all agreed that this was the happiest Christmas we had ever spent.

Then my mind goes to Christmases in India, where the heat of a tropical sun makes it difficult to have the real Yuletide feeling; yet the children in our many boarding schools, the patients in our Hospitals, the settlers in our Colonies, as well as the comrades in our native village Corps, were all remembered with Christmas cheer. How the little brown faces of the children beamed with happiness, how their big eyes and their pearly white teeth glistened as the story of the child Jesus was told, the song about the shepherds sung, and the sweetmeats and little gifts distributed; and from San Francisco

(Continued on Page 20)



Commissioner Charles Sowton

ing a Christmas dinner for no less than 25,000 guests. The people gasped, and our own comrades not less so than others. Where were they to be fed, and the army of helpers to come from to provide such a feast, and more important still, where was the money to come from to pay for it? But Commissioner Booth-Tucker and his aides had their plans well laid. The now so well known Christmas kettles appeared on the streets of New York, and were introduced for the first time in our history with the "Keep the pot boiling" sign on them, and the money for the feast was provided, while

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ISSUE

Most of the illustrations which appear in this issue need very little in the way of explanation. They speak for themselves. The scene presented on page one of the cover is one of the best known happenings in ancient history, and is always especially significant in its appropriateness at Christmas time. We trust that it is so on this occasion.

Overleaf on page two of cover is a clever artist's conception of Mother and Child, beautifully suggestive of the Mother and Child associated with Christmas. On page eleven a pathetic scene is portrayed. A widowed mother who has just got saved in a Salvation Army meeting—a meeting, by the way, which was led by the General—returns to her home with a new outlook on life and gathering her little ones around her she commits herself and them to the care of Him whose birth is to be celebrated on the morrow.

On pages twelve and thirteen is represented one of many dying-beds where a happy Salvationist looks back upon a career of usefulness in the service of others, and praises God for opportunities thus given of glorifying Him in working for the salvation of souls.

The Grace Hospital at Windsor, Ontario, sketch of which is seen at the top of page fourteen is one of the number of similar institutions which the Army has in operation throughout the Territory.

On the same page will be found a group-photograph of the Territorial Headquarters Sextette. Captain Robertson has been promoted Ensign since that section of this "War Cry" went to press. These Officer-comrades and the excellent work they do will be known to very many, and we doubt not that the reproduction of this photograph will add greatly to the charm of the present issue.

The striking picture which appears on page twenty-three is a reproduction of a sketch made years ago by a former Editor of the "War Cry," Lieutenant-Colonel Bond, now in Australia. The picture speaks for itself, and we hope it will not be without its effectiveness as an appeal for the co-operation of our readers in helping the less fortunate members of the community at this festive season of the year.

The Call for Courage in the eight, typified by the Salvationist in page twenty-four will, we hope, be instrumental in arousing Salvationists throughout the Territory to one valiant service than ever during the year now at hand.

HE SALVATION ARMY WOMAN

The woman who wears the bonnet blue
as little time and much to do;
her eye is clear, her heart is true,
And she's always on the job,
her face in every street is seen;
she ventures where few good have
been,
her job's to make the whole world
clean
For Bill and Sall and Bob.

She faces fate with courage stout;
her mind is closed to fear and doubt,
though a man be down he's never
out—
Such is her simple creed.
ministering angel, she,
every soul in misery,
the bonnet that we seem to see,
a halo is, indeed!

Joseph B. Gilder.

Mrs. Commissioner Sowton

A TRIBUTE BY A WOMAN OFFICER

YEARS ago I knew an aged Salvationist couple who kept the Flag flying in a village Corps. They had great love for and unbounded faith in the Salvation Army. The "War Cry" was their only regular periodical and this Darby read to Joam from the first to the last page each week.

Now because I know that there are comrades who seldom or never come to any centre of Salvation Army operations and whose only chance of becoming acquainted with our Leaders is through the pages of the "War Cry," I will try to introduce them to Mrs. Commissioner Sowton.

When at the great welcome meet-

ing kindly of you.

Very graphic are her illustrations, spoken with a slight Scotch accent. When speaking on one occasion to a small gathering, composed mostly of women, on the eagle stirring up her nest, Deut. 32, 11 and 12, she said "The little birds had daily been fed by the mother eagle. All they did was to open their mouths and she dropped in the food, but one morning she began pushing them about and pushing, and pushing them until perhaps the little birds thought mother is acting strangely. She has always been so good to us, but now she seems to want to kill us! Finally she gets the little ones to the very edge of the nest and

THE SALVATION ARMY BOOKSHELF

The books of the Salvation Army are none too widely read. The reason for this is not far to seek. They are none too widely known. They are while covering a wide range of subjects, they are so distinct in character as to lead many to suppose that they possess little or no value.

This is a colossal mistake. The books of the Salvation Army possess charm entirely wanting in many volumes which are considered classic. It must, of course, be admitted that there is no striving after eloquence, the part of Salvation Army writers is literary style allowed to develop the mind from the relation of facts and there is certainly no desire in the realm of fiction in order to make the printed story interesting; but nevertheless, there can be found upon the Salvation Army book-shelf a host of volumes which in one way or another stand out amongst the most wonderful publications of the day.

In a wide diversity of subjects pretty nearly everything from the Bible to the big Drums has been enlarged upon in one or other of the volumes issued from the Army Press. The writers are as varied as the writings, but however much they differ in many other things they are alike in one particular, they know what they are writing about, and without exception have a deep personal experience which gives point to the words they pen and brings home the heart of the reader the truths which they write.

While many, indeed most of the Salvation Army books have been written by Salvationists, there has also a growing number of outside writers who, realizing the wealth of material lying at hand, have chosen the work of the Salvation Army and have described it to the astonishment of many in the book-reading world.

It is not possible to point to any one book and say that therein may be found the full story of the Salvation Army work. That work is so vast and so many-sided that no one book, however big, will do much more than touch upon some phases of it. At the same time it can be said with certainty that no one can read and take in the contents of any one volume without realizing a desire to read others from the same source. In not a few instances it is known that the chance opening of an Army volume has led its subsequent considerate reading, the outcome of it being a life-consecration to the service about which the book was written.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the books of the Salvation Army possess an interest not only for members of the Organization, but for all who name the name of Christ no matter to what denomination they belong, and we go further and claim that quite apart from the question of religion the great bulk of the books on the Army bookshelf will arouse interest and warm the heart of any one who will be at the trouble to give either one of them a little thoughtful consideration.



Mrs. Commissioner Sowton

ing in the Massey Hall last November, Mrs. Sowton stepped to the front of the platform we saw a fair woman, a little past middle age and somewhat taller than the average, with a beaming countenance. When she spoke she smiled as though it was as natural to smile as to speak; she put us at our ease. We almost forgot the speaker by the attention aroused in the message she delivered. Her manner of talking was natural and clear and her tones well modulated and when she ceased to speak one felt one had received a bit of Gospel truth.

"Good night, Mrs. Sowton," replied a woman Soldier in reply to her greeting after an evening meeting. "I enjoyed your address tonight." "Thank you," Mrs. Sowton replied, and her face smiled her appreciation. Mrs. Sowton is naturally friendly and ere you realize it you find yourself talking freely to her. If afterward your sense of the consideration due to her reminds you that reticence would have been more becoming you feel instantly reassured by your confidence in Mrs. Sowton that she does not think of herself but she will

then she pushes them over. The little eagles begin to flutter and use their wings, nevertheless they find themselves falling, but like a flash the mother eagle spreads her wings and glides beneath her young and lifts them up again and into the nest. This she does again and again till at last the little eagles have learned to fly. 'So the Lord alone did lead them.'

Mrs. Sowton is an active partner with the Commissioner in much of his travelling and many of his meetings, sharing his toils and aiding his efforts to build up God's work in the Territory. There are perhaps few women who have travelled and spoken more than Mrs. Sowton.

White splendidly representing the women of all branches of Salvation Army work, Mrs. Sowton is an enthusiastic supporter of the Home League and no Corps or League is too small for her co-operation and interested sympathy. Its possibilities for linking up the middle-aged women who attend Army Meetings and utilizing their experience and talents are not lost upon her. She has vision and sees the

(Continued on next column)

power members of the League are capable of bringing to bear upon work which needs doing.

We are very fortunate in Canada East to have Mrs. Sowton here. As a true woman of God she can safely be trusted and relied upon in every situation. Let us women Officers not fail her or disappoint our Master in Heaven, but, benefiting by her example, let us faithfully live up to our responsibilities and privileges in the great Salvation War.



ETOR SATORI

Captain Greatheart remembers those whom others forget
Whatever else demands her attention she finds time to go where the friendless children live

"THERE'S NOTHING IN RELIGION!"

A Son of Ontario goes far into Sin—And strange adventures befall him in far countries—
But the Salvation Army sends him home Saved in time for Christmas

By Staff-Captain J. A. Hawkins, International Headquarters

NELLY Kelly was a man—every inch of him. True, he was young, though he would grow out of that in time, and his parents in the little town in Ontario gave the above as their verdict concerning their one and only child. Proud indeed were they to see him develop—every inch of him: along many lines.

But the Devil has the map of Ontario off by heart, so to speak, and he knows to an inch the ugly little places into which some foolish young fellows were in the habit of passing, and with them went Nelly.

Along the evil way

Of course that was not his baptismal name. No, Lionel was the nice-sounding "handle" that his father gave to the Minister, and the fond little mother's heart beat quickly as she breathed it to herself hundreds of times after that day. But the boys at school "shortened" him, and the young fellows in that secret "snugger" fastened on the abbreviation with glee.

And because they twitted him, saying that he was "a pretty little thing," he took quick strides along the evil way to prove that he was a man all the same.

It was a pitiable declension. He that hath eyes to see and a heart to feel suffers agonies when a young man steps out on the slippery way which leads down to the pit. No, we will not go into details here.

Enough it is to say that, feeling the limitations of his native place, and the irksomeness of the necessity for some degree of circumspection so near to his own home and people, Lionel Kelly disappeared one day. He was gone to the city.

Writing from Toronto he told his father that he would quickly make good there, and, returning, prove that he was every inch a man. Seemingly he was uncertain of his right to that designation at the moment.

In a month he was writing from Montreal. Before three months had passed his newspaper bore an address at Quebec. Again, just one month later, and he was in Liverpool. And he was always saying that he was sure to come home eventually to prove his right to be considered a man!

A bad practice

Perhaps, despite poets and philosophers, he thought that clothing had something to do with it. Whether that be so or not, he was presently to be seen in King's uniform—Nelly was a soldier. And a smart-looking older, too. He took to drill like a sage to milk, and the simile holds good with regard to the hog's-wash he absorbed in the canteen.

So Nelly became a worse soldier in direct ratio as he consumed more ooze; and he presented yet another object-lesson and occupation for the orderly-officer. And it was no better, when he was sent to India, than had been in England, save that now he drank to cool himself, whereas then he was seeking warmth.

Handed over to the chaplain, for the purpose of receiving a "wiggling," allowing a disgusting beer-feast, all found himself debating with the dire worth of religion.

"Really, sir," said he, trying to be specific, through his eyes danced the derision; "you don't expect me to believe that there is anything in

this religion business, do you? As man to man, now, sir!"

"What's the type of man?" asked the cleric quietly. But the significance of the query was lost on the befuddled soldier. "We won't mention the word Kelly," the chaplain continued. "Let me but add this: You will be lucky to take a hasty of any sort away from India if you continue as you are going. There is one certain conclusion to such service as you are rendering His Majesty!"

"Meaning, sir?"

"There seems to be only one way to teach your kind, my lad. Go on your way through the school of experience. I only hope there may be enough of you left to send home to receive!"

"There's nothing in it," said Kelly to himself as he went away; but he was more thoughtful than had formerly been common to him, for many days thereafter.

An unsatisfied longing

Just about this time he had the good fortune to visit the sacred city of Benares, and in the course of interested wanderings he found himself standing at length on the steps leading down into the River Ganges. Towering above and against the sky were the girders of the railway bridge, and hanging to it the footway along which came the almost ceaseless stream of native pilgrims, seeking to find merit by means of ablutions in the river.

Some strange spirit seemed to take possession of the soldier. Here, standing on the steps where many thousands, yea, millions, had trodden, as they came down to seek the sacrificial washing, he became conscious of a feeling of unrest within himself. Something of the huge burden of unsatisfied longing which characterised the native devotee, as, after hundreds of miles of pilgrimage, and the long-anticipated plunge into the waters of the Ganges, he turned about totally unchanged after all! The very atmosphere felt as if it were charged with cruel disillusionment.

"Oh, there is nothing in religion!" Kelly cried aloud to the swirling waters. And even as he spoke this unanswered query sprang also to his lips: "Yet why—?" The query was not only unanswered, it was not fully framed.

At his side, as he stood there, he noticed a low masonry abutment which, traversing the last three steps, projected a few feet into the river like a pier. A yard above the water, some three yards long, and maybe a couple in width, it had just room enough on its outer end for a small square temple with a spiked roof. Just a plain little shrine, guiltless of any ornament, gazing blankly, out of sightless eyes, over the Ganges. The shrine of Mai Kali.

Kelly seemed to sense some silent reproach here, for he turned away crying again:

"There is nothing in religion, nothing in any of it!"

"Mai Gunga!" quavered a cracked voice close to the soldier's ear; and Kelly's quick glance took in an ancient native whose wrinkled features were composed into an expression of most utter agony of supplication. No sign of joyous expectation was written there; only awful and intense long-

ing, mingled with fearful foreboding. "Mai Gunga! (Mother Ganges)," he cried, "I grow old! Grant me this last cleansing, Mother! Wash me from my sins ere I go hence!" And straightway he cast himself from the steps on which he stood alongside the soldier, and, with a splash, was covered by the water.

Life-saving little valued

Staring with curiosity Kelly became aware, on the instant, that the old man was in danger of drowning, for he made no effort to come to the surface. With one quick movement the soldier had seized the native and deposited him in safety on the step again. But he never counted on the scene which followed. The old man recovered in a flash, and equally swiftly turned on the Feringhi—but not to thank him! Others joined in the chorus and a regular din of angry voices assailed the would-be life-saver. It seemed that his well-intended effort had totally failed of its object. So far from doing good he had been guilty of a most hideous blunder!

After some hundreds of miles of painful pilgrimage, suffering untold agonies and self-inflicted torture, meanwhile, the old man had accomplished the climacteric merit, only to lose all, and more than all, because the infidel had touched him, in that same hour!

Nelly Kelly had to run for his life, with the mob howling at his heels, and as he went he kept repeating to himself:

"There is nothing in religion!" Only when he had outdistanced his pursuers and found himself bathed in perspiration, and panting from his exertions, did he discover that he was still mouthing the words of his foolish challenge. Then he paused a moment ere he concluded on that same old aimless query: "Yet why—?"

The sniper's bullet

There were those who welcomed the order to the North-West Frontier, welcomed it for Kelly's sake. One of those perennial "affairs" with which the hill-men seek to enliven the monotony of existence had called for stern handling, and there behind a breast-work, looking for trouble amongst the barren heights, and hoping he would not find any. With the drink long worn out of him the soldier was well in evidence, and he was a good soldier, was Nelly Kelly.

"Duck, Nelly me dear," said Joey Baker, who lay near by, as a sniper's bullet whined between them. "That mop of yours will not trouble ye any more if a bit of lead gets mixed up with your tresses." Scarce had the words been spoken when there came again the sharp crack of the rifle up aloft, and at the same moment Nelly put up a violent hand to his head. Again and again he felt his cranium and looked at his hand for signs of blood, but there was never a token of wound. A confused grin stole across his face.

"Mighty queer," he muttered; "I could have sworn he'd got me!"

"Nicked ye safe enough," said Joey; "marked ye for thy own, me boy. He will come for ye later. Take a look in this," and the man handed up a steel mirror in which Nelly surveyed as much of the top of his head

as came within the line of vision. Here was something which made him grin more than ever, and is other men laughed heartily, in a sort of way; for they never forgot that they were in the presence of a comical foe.

"Well, I've got a parting at last," said Kelly. And there was to be the track of the bullet through his curls, or it had cut a narrow gash way over of hair, exposing the skin of which was now crimson and tingling from the unaccustomed torment which it had received.

Who would care to follow Kelly every step of his downward slide? To take a peep or two, at various points in his career; they tell familiar story, though the setting is different, perhaps.

The battalion came back from the North-West into the comparative civilization of a seething city, and Kelly celebrated his return in characteristic fashion.

See that water carrier crossing in barrack square. Look, he halts when two outhouses meet! He stoops, the dragging round the nozzle of his water-skin sets flowing a tiny stream which sweeps down on to—? Come closer. There, lying on his back, is the shadow of the cook-house, Nelly. What is the matter? Has a touch of the sun? No, it is a load of drink which has knocked me out!" He is drunk! And the blue standing over him, keeps the crystal trickle curving, now on to his head, again, over his ears.

A bad character

It is not an edifying spectacle. The bloated brown water-bag, all glistening with the seeping fluid, lies dead against the thin brown body of the wallah. And he glistens with perspiration as his scraggly limbs stick the soldier's unconscious form, he tries to restore him to a sense of his surroundings. Certainly, the blue is rendering timely aid, but there is a suggestion of a great ugly, brown spider operating upon a white victim.

Nelly refused to awaken for the native, and so the military police "got" him, with the result that a court-martial dismissed Kelly with ignominy, and when next he walked abroad it was inside that suit which denotes a bad character.

A dusty, evil-smelling, by-alley in the bazaar; a place where only natives come; but here is Kelly, lying in the sun, ragged, drunkenly unconscious. Coolies pick him up and remove him just inside the shadow, and when the rays of the burning sun find him again, they transport him into the window-less slip of a room occupied by a low-caste Indian and there he lies in deepest stupor, upon a straw bed. The hours pass, and everybody in the bazaar knows that the soldier in the bad-character suit lies as one dead in the room of Gamoo.

But there comes an end, one way or another, to the oblivion of the drunkard, and Kelly started the crowd of natives grouped about the doorway of Gamoo's room by calling for water.

"Pani!" he cried; "pani, and bring it quickly (quickness) with it!" The water-carrier in the crowd came forward, prodding him.

(Continued on page 18.)



Their First Christmas without Father

A widowed Mother, who has just got saved in a Salvation Army Meeting, returns to her home with a new outlook on life, and gathering her little ones around her she commits herself and them to the care of Him whose birth is to be celebrated on the morrow.



Living and Dying for the Army Flag

"Next to praising the Lord for saving my soul, I have nothing given me the joy of working for the Salvation Army."



Living and Dying under the Army Flag

"Praising the Lord for saving my soul, I had been given me the joy of working for the salvation of others."



Grace Hospital, Windsor, Ontario, which has been greatly enlarged during the year.



A Swedish Camp Meeting: Commissioner Sowton is seen speaking on the right hand.



Territorial Headquarters Staff Sextette.

Standing: Adjutant Veer, Ensign Keith, Captain Robertson, Ensign Laurie. Sitting: Major Easton, Staff-Captain McElhone.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH AS I KNEW HIM

By Major John Smith, International Headquarters

AS I pen these words I find it difficult to confine myself to the originator of the Movement, but in obedience to the Editor's behests, I am to give emphasis from my point of view to what has already been written regarding our first General.

From the elevated pedestal of fame as the Founder of the Salvation Army, the late General loomed large in the sight of mankind, but those who only viewed him from that great height, were but witnesses of his nobility of character, and grandeur of achievement. Intimate association enables me to bear witness to his charm of spirit and humility of soul, for in addition to living with him in his house at Hadley Wood, I had the privilege of accompanying him on more than two hundred of his campaigns in the United Kingdom and other lands.

False notions

It is unfortunate that our great men are so apart from their fellows in their lives. A closer intimacy, in many cases, would remove many misunderstandings, and give the key, not only to the heart of the man, but to the inner meaning of the work. The ridiculous notions held at one time regarding our revered Founder were still entertained in certain quarters right up to the day of his death, presumably because the lives of many great men of the world are invariably associated with luxurious living and extravagant tastes. But our Founder was the more remarkable because whilst in the truest sense he was great, his greatness stood out in relief because of the extraordinary simplicity of his life.

There were stories of his palaces, which in reality consisted of merely an eight-roomed house; and of his horses and carriages, of which he owned not one. His simplicity was manifested in respect to his diet. It seems to me that he agreed with the Apostle Paul's view, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth."

He denied himself

And this contributed considerably to his power with people. In spite of the fact that the General could command the best in the land, he purposely denied himself in order to keep fit for his work. Many times has he been billeted at a well-to-do person's mansion, where in spite of the intimation that had been given concerning the General's simple requirements, we found they had provided several luxuries.

Sitting down with the company, the General, as the guest of honor, would be first asked what he could have, and frequently he would round the company by refusing to partake of the spread before him, and filling for a basin of bread and milk, two or three pieces of fried bread toast and butter.

On occasions when he has been a guest of a physician, I have known the General whilst sitting at the table turn round and say: "Doctor, why don't you diet your patients?" The doctor, nonplussed, would not know what to reply, when the General would say: "Shall I tell you why? You'd be your practice!"

I suppose there was nowhere to be found such an indomitable worker our beloved Founder. He could not sit to be idle, nor could he tolerate anything else idle—as those who

composed his Staff well knew.

He would work morning, noon and night, and when on tour would speak from railway trains, motor cars, on ocean steamers, from verandahs, and door-steps. Whilst travelling the time would be occupied in reading dispatches from and dictating correspondence to all parts of the world. He was very considerate of his Secretaries and his Staff, but he worked them hard. He had no place for slackers. He would make others work because he worked himself. It was a common thing for him to dictate shorthand notes to me in the train, and for me afterwards to type them out whilst he sat in the corner of the compartment, so that it may truly be said that at times the great Organization to which we belong was directed from the compartments of a railway train! In passing, I may say I have since gone a stage further, in that it is a common thing for the present General to dictate articles and letters to me in an oscillating automobile.

A lady who was intensely interested in the Founder, once said: "General, if you will take a holiday, I will give you the use of my house, my servants, my horses and carriages, and give you £5,000 for that pet scheme of yours!" Although the General asserted that he had not had a holiday for twenty years, he said when telling me of this, "I'm not going for any holiday, but I'm after that £5,000 all the same."

His sense of humor

The General's keen sense of humor relieved the weight of many a burden. Wit was one of his most sparkling characteristics.

I shall never forget my first experience at Hadley Wood. I entered the General's study—a young Lieutenant quivering with nervousness—with my shorthand book to receive certain notes. The General humorously remarked, "Well, if you can teach me to dictate, I'll promote you on the spot." The General, quite in error as I think, had the opinion that he was not good at dictating. A few weeks later he said, "Well, you have not yet taught me how to dictate—you won't get your promotion you know." Very timidly I replied, "I wish I could." Whereupon with a flash and a smile the General said, "What, get your promotion?" "Well, both, sir." I blurted out.

On another occasion we were billeted at a very fine house, and looking round the room the General turned to me and said: "I suppose this place and £5,000 a year would just suit you. If you came in for a house like this I expect you would want to put up the bams!" I ventured to reply that it was not unlikely.

In the midst of all his toils the General was always anxious to meet the members of his household for family prayers. The main features of this assembly were the reading of the appointed passages in "The Soldier's Guide," and the offering of a prayer by one of the little company, usually followed by a prayer by the General himself.

During my stay at "Rookstone" the former duty always fell to my lot, and the lessons I received in expression and articulation will ever stand me in good stead.

The moments, however, that were most precious to me were, when alone with the General in a billet, during a campaign, and before finally settling to rest for the night, the General

would say, "Smith, get down and pray." Whilst the General lay in bed, weary and worn after a day's campaign, I would kneel by the side of his bed and offer humble petitions to the Lord. Then the General himself would pray, and oh, how he prayed. My poorly formed phrases fell into insignificance beside his, but those quiet moments alone with the General and God were times of great blessing and inspiration to my soul, the benefit of which I shall experience throughout my whole career.

Early experiences

During the General's last tour in Denmark he spent two or three days with his daughter, Commissioner Lucy, at her home, which was then in Copenhagen. Seated round the dining-table one day were the General, Commissioner Lucy, with her two daughters, and myself. The General chatted to the little company, telling us some of his early experiences. Speaking of recitations and ability to remember them, he looked across the table at the children and commenced reciting that interesting ballad "The Grog-Seller's Dream," which the readers of "The Life of Mrs. Booth" may recollect. His reciting of this and the inimitable style in which it was rendered will, I am sure, never be forgotten by the little company.

Then the General was very companionable with his personal Staff, and whilst attending to his needs he would frequently relate for my edification things connected with his early days and the beginnings of the Army. One pretty story illustrating the human side of the General he told me in this way. It was a season when there was in England an exceptional number of wasps, and the General noticed them. He told me that when he was courting the Army Mother he one day visited her home, and whilst he was engaged in a confidential chat with her mother, he heard a scream, "William, William," from his "darling" who was in the garden. He rushed out and found that she had been stung by a wasp! The General went on to say how delighted he felt to hear her call him "William" for the first time, and to think that she in her pain, had called for him and not for her mother.

The "good grey head"

When travelling one only had to listen to the comments of the crowd as they sought with eagerness to get a sight of the "good grey head that all men loved," to be impressed by the fact that he did not belong to any particular class or race, but to humanity. I could give many illustrations of this, but one or two must suffice.

It was on a Motor Campaign that I observed a tottering old lady pressing her way through the crowd—reminding me reverently of the woman trying to touch the hem of Christ's garment—and having reached her objective she fell back gasping "Thank God, I've touched him."

"Isn't he like Father Christmas," a little girl was heard to whisper.

One poor old lady, who had lost the use of both limbs, was carried to her door and placed in a bath chair, remaining there until the General passed. As the car approached, the light on her face was noticed and it was seen how vehemently she waved her handkerchief. To an Army Officer, with whom she chatted before we left the town in the evening,

she said, "I can now die happy, I have seen the General, and when he comes I know that God will bring down the baleful motor for me and the loss of my poor old limbs won't matter in the least."

I must refer to our Founder's passion for souls. What an example he was to all Salvationists in this respect. There has been no one to equal him. Souls—souls—souls—was his theme night and day, sick or well.

One incident connected with his closing days gives some estimate of the depth of his love for fallen humanity, and has special significance at this time, because of the death of that devoted warrior and world-wide soul-winner, Commissioner er Lawley.

A privilege to serve him

On one occasion whilst the Founder was lying on his bed in a semi-conscious condition, the oft-repeated question was put whether there was anything we could do for him, he made a faltering reply which I shall never forget. "Yes," he said, "take—take—me—to—a—meeting—and—and let me hear dear—old Lawley say—General—here comes—the fourth."

Even in the midst of his own suffering he was thinking of those who, spiritually, were "sick unto death."

Whatever circumstances life may have in store for me they will never be able to rob me of the joy occasioned by the knowledge that in the closing years of the Founder's life, I was privileged to render what he, with his own pen, graciously recorded as "devoted, self-denying and effective secretarial service," and never will fade from my mind the memories of the consideration and loveliness that this great man manifested to one of the least of his Officers.

CHRISTMAS SONGS

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All scatred on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind."

"To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign."

"The heavenly Babe you there shall
To human view displayed.
All meanly wrapped in swathing
And in a manger laid."

HARK, THE HERALD ANGELS

Hark, the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Life and light to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble lie;

Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head."

"**THERE IS NOTHING IN RELIGION!**"

JESUS STILL THE SAME

A SWEDISH CANADIAN MEETING

(Continued from page 10.)

"What's the trouble?" Nelly asked. "I'll take it outside if you like, in case it's got salts in it. Turn it over, and I'll wash the cookie and some of the mucus off." Then, with a smile, she began to pour over the souper's hair.

"Trotty," Kelly suddenly said, "you let me come in? Let me change my character suit, please?" Then, with a smile, he lay over on the couch and quickly dropped asleep.

"What's the time now?" he asked. "Where was I last night?" he murmured out of his brother's room.

"It's all right," Trotty said, holding the touch-

"I'm sorry," he said, saying apologetically, "but I'm not fit for them. Let me go to bed." Then, with a smile, he lay over on the couch, laughing.

When Trotty was up from the bed, he heard the sound of the door opening. He took him into the doorway, and there was no more light than a candle.

"I've got a masal-jee," he said. "Please be quick," and he leaned against the wall.

Shaking his shabby, tattered, braided hair, he slipped the cookie whose room he had vacated. You standing up, you sitting up, keeping standing up, now you're wanting heavier now," he said to Trotty. And Kelly caught at Trotty's words, and pulling him self to his feet, made his way to the dock, and caught a ship going to England, a poor steam tramp which hung low to the water, but there was no draft, and so it helped.

By the time he humped into the Bay at Coburg, his foolish choice fell on Kelly's ears, and he awoke to pick up more papers and supply punch. Kelly never returned again, and he was too much of a scoundrel to be sent to the hospital, so he was soon found in the "civil" service, very sick and a tramp in her way towards the day, and Nomad Nelly in a perilous state in the mud, babbling in high and mangled, of baboon talk, and much else, all incomprehension of the doctors.

For visiting the wards Army Officer in charge and Military Hostel, in seeking "extras" to add to his duties, arrived just in time for the "masal-jee" of his own exertion to restore a momentary peace, and as he opened his eyes, the educationist was stooping over him.

"There must be something," he whispered, "but before the given he was gone."

He which passed saw him climbing a slow climb up path from the Val-

ley of Shadows, but he won out at last and one day claimed his discharge from the hospital. That day he came straight to the Army Officer, with whom he had had many talks in the ward.

"Captain," said he, "what was I saying when you first came upon me in the hospital? They tell me I was rambling."

"Yes, you were," said the Salvationist. "You were shouting for a marshal-gee or something like that. Anything to do with the A.P.M.?" "Ah, no! The masal-jee!" That's the Indian lingo for 'torch-bearer.' And, Captain, I need one, which is why I have come to you!"

It took hours to unload the story, portions of which have been retold here, but in the end, in the midst of a dark humiliation deeper even than that he had known in the room of Ganies, Nomad Nell saw a light dawned in his soul with great joy.

"Now help me let my people know," he cried, whereupon a cable was despatched to the little town in Ontario, and a reply came, per the same medium, saying that the father and mother were eagerly looking for the

spiritual rebirth of their son.

FOR seven hundred years the Jews had looked forward to that birth. There had been time that seemed propitious to such an event. The nation was prosperous. Its influence stood high; but He had not appeared. Now dark times had come and the glory had faded. An enemy was in their land, and now the crowning indignity was upon them. Caesar Augustus from his imperial throne had decreed that all the world should pay tribute, and so the once proud nation fell into line with all the conquered peoples and lands before the yoke of the heathen Roman. Surely it was a dark period.

Yet, unheard by mortal ears, the great bells of eternity were booming out the hour. The fullness of time had come! Already the star was blazing its track. The eye of the startled shepherds were ravished by angel song. The gloom of the stable was illumined by that light never seen on land or sea and the glad note was heralded. "Unto you is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

And so it has been from that joyous morning. In the darkest moments of Christ's coming. In the earliest days of His ministry, he visited the village of Nazareth. His mother was there, at a maturing age, yet still young. All was happiness when it was discovered some place in the town overlooked. It was here that Jesus was born. Strange and wonderful was the birth of Him who became the Saviour of the world. The hearers were struck with awe. The scene was made even more solemn by the gathering of weary and fainting shepherds.

A man with a face like a child, who had come from afar, whom he loved. Among the multitude, he started out in the darkness right through the Bethany boundary. Martha, Mary and Lazarus. One sometimes imagines that among the few hours of quiet He experienced some were spent amid these peaceful surroundings. But soon darkens the home. Lazarus is stricken. Instinctively the thoughts of the sisters turn toward Jesus. He will come. The message is sent and they wait. Two days go by and still His feet tarry. Oh, would He never come? Slowly Lazarus sinks till his

body is cold. He is still, the scene in the small parlors on his knees silent and calm, eyes closed, and in the dark hours when all is perpendicular and the dream of life fades. Lazarus comes, bringing His tears with ours. His consolations are real. And in that darkest of all glooms, when doubt shadows the soul, He still walks and talks with men thus bringing that a saviour which only makes strong the heart of men.

And so to-day, He is still the same. In the small parlors on his knees silent and calm, eyes closed, and in the dark hours when all is perpendicular and the dream of life fades.

Lazarus comes, bringing His tears with ours. His consolations are real. And in that darkest of all glooms, when doubt shadows the soul, He still walks and talks with men thus bringing that a saviour which only makes strong the heart of men.

Do you know, Captain?" he wrote later, "we have all been down to the Army already and we like it not. Believe me, I have got the answer to the riddle. There is something in religion, and I now know why. I've got it, and it's got me."

"Do you know, Captain?" he wrote later, "we have all been down to the Army already and we like it not. Believe me, I have got the answer to the riddle. There is something in religion, and I now know why. I've got it, and it's got me."

There was one little note in a different hand writing in the margin and it said:

"God bless you for sending our only boy home safely. Thanks to you he has come back to his father and 'every inch a man!' A man after God's own heart!"

JACK MINTON

The Order is a Sacred Practice.

BY JAMES H. COOPER

IT is a well-known fact that the Order of the Sons of the American Revolution is the largest organization in the country, and that it is the most popular. It is also a well-known fact that the Sons of the American Revolution is the largest organization in the country, and that it is the most popular.

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DEEP in the myrtle shade of the forest, the Muskoka River is rushing, cleaving the solemn gloom and breaking the awful silence, as it dashes down in thundering music headlong upon the mighty rocks, until the rich brown water, shot with amber light, is churned and frothed into creamy foam or shattered into a myriad glittering drops.

There on its banks sat Bob McCracken, easing his blistered feet, as he whistled softly and whittled away at a chunk of tobacco.

Many a restless journey he had roved across the Continent, since he left the old home in Connecticut, Restless his spirit within him still. He had "footed it" now through over a hundred miles of bush; he had forded rivers; he had floundered and wrestled through dismal swamps and dense underbrush, battling with sandflies, and black-flies, and horse-flies and privations.

With critical but admiring eye he scanned the landscape, as he thought within himself, here he would "settle." He would build himself a hut; he would chop the trees and make a clearing he would hollow a log-canoe and fish—for the waters were stocked with trout and pickerel; he would lie in wait, with loaded gun, for the tread of the shy deer—for the woods were full of game; he would bathe in the lake, where the beautiful margin of white sand shelved gently down under the bobbing lilies and beneath the many-flowering water-weeds. There on the one side was the tiny "creek" of clear spring water, ever-singing beneath the loaded branches of the choke-cherry underwood; and there on the other side was the deep gully where the raspberries grew. The land was rich in fruit—strawberries, cranberries, mickleberries. Surely, it was a pleasant place.

At last, shutting his jack-knife with a decisive snap, and stowing it with the tobacco in the pocket of his weather-worn coat, he raised himself to his feet and strode away.

So Bob "located" in Muskoka.

Years passed on. The surrounding country "opened up" and a settlement grew. Lumber camps were pitched, saw-mills clattered, farms flourished, the sound of the chopping

was my first appointment in command of a Corps, and I went with some measure of fear and trembling. The Officers whom I was succeeding, who were both talented and good, had won great victories for God. I found a band of good Soldiers, who would do and dare anything for God and souls, and the first Meeting realized much of the Divine presence with us.

After a few weeks I noticed in the congregation a man who sat in the same seat each night and listened attentively, but with a troubled and unhappy look upon his face. I asked the Sergeant-Major who he was and he replied: "Oh that is Mack. He is only here in the summer months. He is boss of a big lumber camp up the Arrostock. He has been coming here for some time, but he is a great sinner, a hard man with his men, and a notorious blasphemer. He has acknowledged that he feels himself past redemption."

In the Soldiers' Meeting that week we made Mack a subject of special prayer, and one night shortly afterwards his hand was raised, signifying that he desired our prayers. This he did night after night and yet all our pleading and prayers seemed powerless to bring him over the

A Muskoka Miracle AND CHRISTMAS DAY FOUR YEARS LATER

axe and falling timber dispelled forever the solitude of the forest; and merry human voices rang out, where but recently the wolf and the bear and the beaver or the wandering Indian, had roamed beneath the birch and maple.

But wild indeed was the record of those years for Bob McCracken! Surely, his nature should have expanded and refined beneath the influence of the glorious beauty of nature! But it was not so—rather, removed from the restraints of society, he yielded himself up to some innate principle of savagery within him, haunting the woods, half-clad, with kindred spirits as lawless as himself, shooting and fishing, or loafing and boozing on his own neglected land; sometimes river-drying or gambling and card-playing, in bar-room rows, where revolvers were drawn and blood spilt; or whelmed in drunken sprees in the forest that suggest the Bacchanalian orgies of mythology; lost repeatedly in the trackless wilds, in danger of freezing or starving in the winter; living on any spoil of the woods cooked by gipsy-fires, or feasting perhaps on lumps of fat pork dipped in molasses and washed down with draughts of brandy; many times in danger of drowning in the dark waters, when leaping, drunken and unsteady, upon the rolling logs, floating in the lakes.

A veritable "wild man of the woods" was he, clothed in a sheepskin, and to all appearance untameable.

Still onward flowed the broad river, and still stood the log cabin, lantern-lighted, with the dusky moths fluttering softly against the square windows and the blue night.

And there, too, stood an odd-shaped box, small enough for the treasure it held. Very strange it seemed that the one humanizing element in Bob's life should be taken away! It was his little daughter—his tiny pet.

Still, in fancy, he could feel the thin arms and the warm pressure

of her soft little form, as, but yesterday, he tried to hold her, enfolded against his heart; and now there before him she was lying, with sweet shut eyes and cold waxen palms folded "like kissing shells"—dead—and there stood he with painfully-throbbing heart, and a choke in his swollen throat. Still, he could see the wistful look in her dear eyes, as with her weak voice she told him faintly she was going "to be with Jesus."

It was too much for poor drunken, lawless Bob. He must see his own again! He was broken down! He knew he was vile and worthless, and utterly unfit to meet his God.

From that day he set himself with wet eyes and newly-awakened desires heavenward, to grope his way towards the light. To this end he read his Bible, and any other literature of a religious character. But no relief could he find in books from the burden of past sin, nor power to deliver himself from the chain of evil habit that bound him fast. Then for three long years he struggled, burdened beneath the deep conviction of sin.

At length, one day, through the forest from Toronto, down the now large-grown village street, came a novel and a welcome sight—a sight that caused every head to turn with interested curiosity. It was only two pale boys, but with two girlish faces beneath them, but the faces were bright with the love of Jesus, and ready with the message of salvation.

There is a large rough wooden building that had been intended to stable horses, there, near the river, they sang, sweet-voiced, their songs of Calvary, while the winds and the echoes of rustling woods tuned in with the merry tambourines.

Of course, Bob went to the Meetings with everyone else, and felt, like many another, that the Army was the very place for him; and there the story of the Cross shone in upon his hungering soul, piercing the darkness, and he arose from that

penitent-form, beneath the lanterns slung up upon the raftered roof, with a heart heaving with thankful praise and love to God and man—arose to a life of true "Sweetness and light" in Christ Jesus.

Nevertheless, scars of the old time remained upon him, both literally and figuratively. There was the mark of the blow from cudgel in some bygone bar-room fight, or from bruises left when one fellow pound ed him whilst another held him fast. Moreover, he had unpaid debts to the extent of one thousand, five hundred dollars, and, worst of all, a reputation so bad that the very Soldiers were inclined to doubt the genuineness of his conversion, and to throw cold water upon him.

It was Christmas-time. The very air seemed hushed with thoughts of peace, and although it was night, there was no darkness, nothing but dead twilight with the snow-flakes descending softly, gently, lovingly, upon the pale untroubled snow, windswept and shadowless, and around the white mist of the flakes upon the quiet hills and bluffs, upon the ice-imprisoned river and the distant shore of the lake.

Pleasant were Bob's thoughts as he tramped to the Holiness Meeting. Only four years since he was converted—but what a change! The scars were wearing away; his personal appearance was changed; he was well clothed now, and a respected, trusted member of society.

One thousand dollars of his debts already paid up, and in the place of the old log cabin, a comfortable frame house, with forty acres of land cleared; and, in addition to his own three children, in the place of his darling angel child, a little orphan, adopted and cared for at home; best of all with Heaven before him.

Bright and warm was the Backwoods Hall. What though it was but a disused stable! Was it not in a stable that the wise men found the Infant Jesus? What though the walls were rough-hewn from the woods! Was His life all smooth?

Peace without; peace within the little Hall; and peace within Bob's very heart!

The Best Christmas Gift

By Mrs. Staff-Captain Knight

line. But in the prayer meeting one Sunday night, to our great joy, we saw him leave his seat and come to the penitent form. The Soldiers gathered round quickly and besieged the Throne of Grace on his behalf. Gradually the light came, and by faith he claimed Christ as his De liverer.

From that night on Mack was regularly at the Open-air and inside Meetings, telling of the great change which had taken place in his heart and life, and rejoicing in the fact that he was counted worthy to wear the Army cap and jersey.

Then came the day he was to return to his camp in the backwoods. Many prophesied that this would be the end of Mack's religion, and that he would return to his old life and evil habits. In our last Soldiers' Meeting before he left us, we all clasped hands and sang together "Keep me true Lord to Thee" and in prayer committed Mack to the One Who has promised grace sufficient under every circumstance.

We had understood from Mack that it would be difficult to get mail

to or from him, so we expected to have to wait till spring to hear how it fared with him. But early on Christmas morning there was a knock at our Quarters' door and opening it I saw standing there a young man who said, "I wish you a happy Christmas. I am bookkeeper at the camp of which Mack is the boss. When the men found I was coming to the city to spend Christmas they asked me to give you this on Christmas morning." As he spoke he passed an envelope into my hand. I called the Lieutenant, and we sat down and opened it. First I drew out two ten dollar bills sent us as a Christmas gift. But the best gift was contained in the message on the paper which was enclosed and which read like this:

"Out of gratitude for the wonderful change which has been wrought in the life and character of our boss, known to you as Mack, and knowing this has been brought about through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army and the earnest prayers of yourself and your assistant, we, the undersigned, have subscribed this

amount as a small Christmas gift. Praying God will continue to bless your good work." Then followed the signatures of fifteen Englishmen and ten Frenchmen.

Truly ours was a happy Christmas Day. What good news we had to tell the Comrades when we met for our special Christmas service, how our dear absent Comrade was still proving that the World's Redeemer was not only able to deliver, but able to keep him, though surrounded by temptations and deprived of the means of grace.

Perhaps some will say, "Well, the winter was not finished, how did things go on?" To the glory of God let me say that with the coming of spring Mack returned to us with a happy face and a shout of victory.

What the Prince of Peace did for Mack. He is able and will do for every sin-bound slave who is willing to let Him take possession of heart and life.

Many readers of the "War Cry" do not see a copy of the "Young Soldier," which is our Young People's paper and should have a place in every home. Twelve pages weekly—two cents.



HOUSEHOLD TROOPS

BAND MEMORIES

By Lieut.-Colonel William Nicholson, International Headquarters

THE fact that the first Reunion of the Household Troops Band was held in London, England, recently, after a separation of nearly thirty years, enhances the interest of these notes from a Trooper's diary, especially to those of our readers who are able to recall the Band's campaigning experiences in this country.

Throughout the Dominion of Canada, as elsewhere, reunion and good fellowship are the key notes of the Christmas period. At this season even when it is not possible to actually meet those whom we hold in affectionate remembrance we are at any rate able to unite with them in spirit. So I take it that it will not be out of place if I recall some memories of the famous Household Troops Band with which it was my unforgettable privilege to serve for the first two

eleven o'clock thoroughly tired out, but supremely happy in the assurance that our first Christmas away from the Old Land had been spent in self-forgetful service for the good of others.

If we were asked to put our impressions of our tour through the Dominion of Canada into a single phrase, we should be inclined to call it a good, hearty hand grip. For we were greeted in a spirit of fraternal fellowship everywhere.

To this day we recall many kindly words spoken to us by the Staff Officers of those days, to whose kindly counsel and wise oversight we owed so much. One night journey specially comes to my mind, as I write. We had boarded the cars after having been subjected to the doubtful pleasure of a Canadian bouncing, an ex-

odoxy of thanksgiving for the forethought which had foreseen from afar the coming of the cold winter snap.

The coldest winter day in the Dominion, is, we found, endurable if there is no wind, but when the thermometer is down and the wind up, it is like pushing one's way through sheet ice, and well, the least said about it the better! During several memorable walks to Sunday knee-drill the tears, which the biting blizzard called forth, froze our lashes down and for a little while our condition was trying. But we pushed on, and when we reached the brightly lit Hall and gathered around the red-hot stove and joined our comrades in songs of praise and prayer for the success of our campaign, all regrets that we had left the cosy bed provided for us by our friends vanished.

After a spell of typical Canadian winter weather—that is, brilliant sunshine, a blue sky, the snow as hard as steel and glistening like countless miniature diamonds—a sudden thaw set in and the sidewalks and roads were aswim. Then the frost set in harder than ever, and the roads, roofs, wires and trees were shining with a solid encasement and covering of ice. This made marching tedious work.

To say that our night Meetings were crowded, conveys but the faintest idea of the truth. They were blockaded. There is no other term for it. And what inspiring audiences we were privileged to play to. The veriest dummy would have shown some good points in such circumstances, and we were not dummies. There were occasions when we excelled ourselves, and when our Bandmaster's wonderful comet won the hearts of the people where the most

as the cutters swerved around and around preparatory to starting, we hailed our fellow Trooper with a hearty "Goodnight, old fellow, God bless you," and with a flick of the whip, we, the favored of the favored, would race along by the towering pines over the moonlit road to our billets, where our hosts would sometimes keep us talking until the small hours about the Army in the Old Land, the General and the Chief of the Staff and then at last we tumbled into our beds, sometimes to dream that with instruments playing and flags waving, we were climbing up the Golden Stairs to Glory!

We rarely walked to engagements in Canada. One or two journeys afoot, however, we remember. On one occasion we were trudging along when a man drove by and invited us to take a seat by his side. So cordial was the invitation that we availed ourselves of it. By this time we were taking the forest road hard by an Indian reserve. On we raced through a thoroughly typical bit of Canadian scenery. Before we alighted and thanked our friend for his kindness, he informed us that he entered the country twenty years before from the Old Land with sixteen shillings in his pocket. "Now," said he with a suggestion of honest pride, "I'm worth \$25,000, and own that sawmill we passed away back—timber's my line, boys, timber."

We gave him a parting shot about laying up treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt, and looking at us rather curiously, he thanked us for our word in season.

The rolling panorama of Canadian scenery through which we passed was a never-failing source of interest.



We recall many happy scenes outside the Hall

years of its existence, and I shall be happy indeed if the memories recalled help in any degree to unite us in closer bonds of Army fellowship.

In spirit then let us pull our chairs nearer to the brightly burning stove and I will try to recall some of the recollections of the period when the Household Troops Band campaigned in what we found to be one of the most hospitable countries in the world.

Perhaps my first reference should be to the Christmas day of 1888 which, as my diary assures me, we spent in Toronto, a city which we shall ever hold in fragrant remembrance. On the morning of the 25th we took part in a United Holiness Meeting, and had the satisfaction of seeing a number of seekers surrendered fully to Christ. Our diary bears record that more than one of us regarded that particular service as a spiritual epoch in our careers.

I recall that instead of the usual afternoon Meeting, we were hospitably entertained at the house of a well-known friend, Mr. Gooderham, now gone to his everlasting reward, and the weather proving genial, we regaled the household with Salvation music on the front lawn. At once an interested crowd assembled, so we seized the opportunity and played, sang and testified for Jesus. At night, amid a blaze of torches, we swept through the city to the Temple, where packed house spent one of the happiest Christmas evenings, if one may judge by the sea of smiling faces and the hearty character of the applause. We reached our billets at about

experience which is as boisterous as it is elevating, and were all settling down for a long railway run, when an Officer standing at the car end, addressed us very helpfully in the most natural and informal way, and then, while the engine bell clanged, awakening the echoes of the night as we sped through the darkness, he committed us into the care of God, and soon we were as fast asleep as though we had been in our beds at home. On the occasion referred to we recall our special car bore, in large striking letters, the announcement: "The Household Troops Band from England," so that early or late, wherever we stopped, the general public were left in no manner of doubt concerning our identity.

We suppose on a push we could have got through the winter without any special provision being made for us in the way of clothing. Those concerned saw to it that we were well supplied with warm, fleecy capes, with collars of enormous width, and beaver caps, which, on occasion, we could pull down over our ears, when necessary, for which more than one English mother breathed benedictions on the heads of those whose kind thought had made the necessary provision for their boys. By the time we were fully attired, from our fur-covered craniums to our toast warm feet, which were encased in comfortable overshoes, we were proof against the severest weather, and when now and then the thermometer went thumping down, as it did upon one occasion to thirty-five below zero, we sang a



"Timber's my line, boys, timber."

earnest and polished address might have failed. What happy pictures we can recall of those winter evenings, when, the Meetings over, we separated outside the Hall, where dozens of sleighs and cutters were seen moving about in the moonlight, preparatory to the long race over the frozen snow to our billets. While the harness and sleigh-bells jingled

Again and again we would turn aside from our task to feast our eyes upon Nature's lavish display of forest, river, and hill and valley.

We started out upon a journey which we shall never forget, one stormy morning. The St. Lawrence was all but impassable with ice-floes. It was quite an arctic scene.

(Continued on page 21.)

Thirty-two Christmases in Canada

THIRTY-TWO Christmases in Canada! It looks as though I shall be regarded as one of the oldest inhabitants, even though I cannot say that "I was riz 'round these parts" as was the language of a native of Oakville, I think it was, to an old Staff Bandsman.

I have been looking back over the years (one always does that at Christmas) and passing my life in solemn review, with the outstanding thought, "Why in Canada? How did it happen that the cream of my life should be spent in the land of the Maple?"

And the answer is this: One Saturday afternoon, in either 1880 or 1881, two little boys found their way to a Hall on North Street, Bristol, where a Salvation Army girl Captain was conducting a meeting for children. Both these boys went forward ere the close of the meeting, and cried real tears over their sins. From that moment little George Attwell's paths in life seemed to all lead to the Salvation Army. Asked some years later what I was going to make of myself when I became a man, my answer was "A Salvation Army Officer," and at that time I was not converted! The "Little Soldier Army," to which I belonged, had dropped out of existence and my two brass S's were laid aside. But I still retained my intense love for the Army and while living in the pretty little Kentish town of Sittingbourne, one Sunday evening I took the decisive step that settled the matter, both of my personal acceptance with God and my future career.

My first appointment

After my training at Battersea and Clapton, Commissioner Howard called me into his office and informed me that I was appointed to France, seeing they were badly in need of Officers.

I had a fair school education in the French language and that accounted for my appointment.

I went home to say "farewell" to my mother and father, my mother especially being sure she would never see me again. (France is twenty-one miles distant from the coast of Kent.) I returned to London one March morning in 1891, the arrangements being that I should leave Charing Cross Station the same morning for France. But "the well laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." (No disrespect, of course, to my superior Officers when referring to "mice and men.") French Canada needed help as well as France, and after a short spell in the Shipping Department at International Headquarters, I sailed from Liverpool on the S.S. Sardinian. Before I sighted my adopted country I became a humble and very much sea-sick Lieutenant, never rising from my berth from the hour we left Londonderry until we reached smooth water in the Straits of Belle Isle. We arrived in Montreal about 1:30 p.m. on a very hot Sunday afternoon in August. I had ten cents in my pocket, but I was sure the Army would be there to meet me, and... they were not! As a matter of fact, I was in Canada many days before Headquarters in Toronto knew it. The Divisional Commander (now known as Colonel Marshall) had me at work in his office on

By Brigadier George Attwell

Monday morning. I wonder whether he noticed my embarrassment at my first breakfast when the steaming cobs of corn were passed around. I took one, not knowing in the least what to do with it! I watched out of the corner of my eye what the course of action was in the event of corn on the cob being served, and governed myself accordingly.

A hand-to-hand fight

My first Canadian Christmas was spent among the French Canadians. It was a strange experience, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. The work was rather discouraging. I had a girl Captain, and my duty as a Lieutenant was to keep order in the Hall while she conducted the service. The French boys didn't like me. They had me on the ground pounding me one night, and only desisted when someone raised the cry of "Police." The quarters were over a dried fish warehouse and the odor was penetrating! A special Officer from France was with us one night, and we got some bottles of Florida Water and sprinkled the Hall. The combination of fish and Florida Water is not encouraging! There were so many rats at night that we used to throw our boots at them! We got fairly good crowds to the Meetings, until some well-meaning but misguided young unused fellows from the English Corps came along to preserve order. After a rare hand-to-hand fight on the floor of the Hall and all down the street, we lost our French congregation for many months. But they gradually returned. There are many bright trophies of grace to the credit of the French Corps. May their numbers increase!

Christmas, 1893, found me in Toronto, proof reading on the "War Cry" Staff. It was congenial work. There was no Editor for a while, and Lieut.-Colonel Frank Morris and myself bore the whole burden. We used to remark that the Canadian "War Cry" at that time was at its best, and that no other Editor has ever produced its equal. Wiser and sober reflection has induced us to change our exalted opinion.

\$3.00 a week!

The next Christmas found me acting as cashier at the Toronto Divisional Headquarters at Lippincott. I received the princely sum of \$3.00 per week and my board. Those were happy days. The country itself was almost bankrupt. Poor crops and business depression had a reflex action on our work. One of my experiences as Cashier was to go to the firms from which we ordered our bricks and lumber for the Jubilee Hall at the Temple, and tell them we had no money, and beg them not to press for payment for a few months.

Christmas, 1895, found me travelling through Ontario organizing the Junior work at Corps where this side of our operations had been neglected. It was a good work and my heart was in it. We had been guilty of overlooking the importance of the Young People, and no time was to be lost.

Then followed my first appointment as a Field Officer at an English speak-

company of Salvationists that went down in the "Empress of Ireland" on May 29th, 1914! What a re-union!

The Army has come through great tribulations in Canada, but it is a better Army for it. Think of our Life-Saving Scouts and Guards. Think of our splendid Brass Bands. Think of our growing Junior Corps. There are more Officers on our Canada East Roll than we ever had before, in spite of the fact that Canada West operates in all the Territory west of Fort William. Think of Toronto with twenty-four Corps in full operation, and no less than fourteen Brass Bands. Think of our Hone Leagues, our Songster Brigades, our Fresh Air Camps, our Hospitals, our Shelters and our Salvages. These were all unknown to us thirty years ago.

And then the general public understand us better. They come to our help nobly. Thirty years ago our annual Self-Denial result was about \$6,000. Last year we raised \$245,000. A cause for encouragement surely.

The early Canadian Leaders were of sterling character and one feels compelled to offer a tribute of praise to them. They kept the Flag at the masthead under most trying circumstances. Let me instance a few from memory. Think of the Temple Corps so low that the march down Yonge Street showed a drummer, a Flag Sergeant and two Officers. Think of Dovercourt Corps with an average of seventeen people at the Sunday night service. This was the yearly average. In company with Adjutant Adams who went to his reward many years ago, I spent my Saturday afternoon painting the interior of the Hall. The Corps could not possibly raise \$25.00 so we tackled it ourselves. Was Toronto bad only two or three soldiers, and I was present at the closing up of the Hall. Old Number (now Tecumseh Street) dropped down to less than ten on the Roll.

Almost unbelievable!

There were only seven Corps in Toronto, and some of these were almost down and out, as I have already shown. Of course, the country itself at that time was in a bad way. Stagnation seemed to be the order of the day, and naturally we suffered many ways. But in spite of such severe discouragement, we did not lose heart. "The old guard dies, but never surrenders." And what is the result? Look at the Corps mentioned and contrast their splendid position to-day with their condition twenty-seven twenty-eight years ago! It seems most unbelievable, but nevertheless true, and it is equally applicable most of our Canadian Corps. And so I again say, all honor to the faithful Soldiers and Officers of the early days who held on in the dark, refused to go under. The Army holds its head high.

We know where our duty lies, what our obligations are. It is privilege to push on!. The best offensive is an active offensive, learnt that during the Great War.

In common with all my reader hope to see at least thirty more years in Canada! If that be granted, and there be room in the Christ "War Cry" of 1952, I shall be happy to record my impressions up to

I was in Germany—when I was quite a little girl. I recollect it so well. I had nice Christmas gifts from papa and my sisters and aunts, and I liked them very much, but my mother gave me something that I treasured far above all. It was a little wax figure of the infant Jesus. He was lying all dimpled and smiling in a little wooden manger, and as I looked I felt as if it was a real model of the Lord Himself. Oh, how I did love that little wax figure! I used to have it in my room, and many, many times a day I would kiss the little hands. I never could say my prayers properly unless I could kneel before the little manger and look at the Saviour as I prayed. It was really an idol to me. I loved it so! After a bit my conscience began to speak to me about it. I was learning the Commandments, and when I came to the one:

"Thou shall not make to thyself any graven image; thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them," something said to me, "How about your 'graven image' of Jesus?"

But I used to think, "Oh, no! It can't mean that; it can't be wrong; mother gave it to me, and she meant that I should prize it," and so I stifled my conscience and went on loving and almost worshipping my little idol.

Looking back, it seems wonderful that I could have had such battles

MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A GOVERNESS'S STORY

Told by Commissioner Duff, International Headquarters

over it, it was such a little thing, but for quite a time it seemed to get between me and God; and yet I loved it so! And it was surely right to love it, for it was not meant to lead my thoughts to Bethlehem, and was it not therefore holy? And so I went on arguing, trying to make out that all was right when all was wrong.

At last, one night, I woke up. Everything was still. The moon shone coldly through the window, and its beams fell on the little manger with the Baby in it. How beautiful it looked! All at once I thought of the real living Jesus. How He was looking from heaven just now and watching me, more taken up with the little wax figure than with His living, blessed Self! In an instant my mind was made up. I jumped out of bed, and barefoot, in my little white nightdress, I went and stood by the table on which the manger was standing. I do believe that at that moment my childish heart must have felt some of the conflicting emotions that tore the heart of the patriarch, as he stood by the altar on which his Isaac lay.

"Lord," I said in a very faltering

voice, "I do love Thee better than this little doll, although it is very, very beautiful—and here my tears began to flow. "I do love it very much."

And then, deliberately, I lifted the little figure out of the manger, and with streaming eyes and heavy breathing, I broke it in pieces. The little head, arms, feet—I broke them all off one after another, with my own child-like heart nearly breaking all the time, and no one was there to hinder me. No voice called from heaven, as it did to Abraham. The moonbeams shone in, cold and still, and my sister breathed regularly in the little bed next to my own. But I had done it! I had "hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord"; and though if you had come, you would have only found a very woe-begone little white heap sobbing out its griefs on the floor, yet God knew, and my own heart knew, that a victory had been fought and won, and not small one either.

Next morning when I woke, it was with peace in my heart. God and I were one again. Nothing else mattered. Even the dismay of the other children over the broken figure did not affect me. I told it all to

my mother, and she and I together placed the fragments gently in the fire, and watched them melt down into a clear steady flame. Oh how we did praise God together for giving me strength to, prefer His smile to all else!

* * *

I was a little child when our governess told me this page from her own life; but I have never forgotten it.

Often since, the example of the little child breaking her own idol, has helped me and led me forward. We so often cling to our own Isaacs till God has to take them from us, but how far nobler and indeed better to cast them at His feet, and indeed to crown Him Lord of all!

Often it is something which is meant to lead us higher—some fulfil, and in itself, good possession—but if it draws our eyes to itself from the living Christ, if it takes up our hearts and minds—God is a jealous God—and we retain this treasure at the expense, it may be, of our own soul.

Oh! shall we not this Christmas follow in the steps of our Saviour God, and sacrifice—not merely by on the altar—but sacrifice? Shall we not embrace the wondrous privilege of offering to Jesus, as our Christmas gift, our best and most valued treasures, and let them henceforth be His—His to eternity ours to do as we like with never more?

JOYS FOR THE JOYLESS

Big Plans for Helping and Cheering the Distressed During Christmas

The Salvation Army's long-established custom of making special efforts at Christmas to brighten the lives of persons whose lot in life is hard is already engaging the attention of the responsible Officers. By the time these pages are in the hands of our readers, innumerable and far-reaching plans will be perfected. Colonel Otway, Secretary for the Men's Social, and Brigadier DesBrisay of the Women's Social, with their respective Staffs, are working out a generous but thoroughly practical scheme for making thousands happy at Christmas.

It is anticipated that the number of poor families who will be the happy recipients of baskets of provisions will this year be larger than heretofore. Special care being taken by means of personal investigation to ensure these gifts reaching those who are really in need.

Arrangements are also made for the wives and families of men in prison to be specially looked after including the provision of toys for the little ones. The men will not be forgotten, whence a number of them will be visited and where circumstances permit Band and Songster Brigades will go to various Institutions for the purpose of recreating the people therein. The Commissioner is visiting three separate Institutions on New Year's Day.

In all Salvation Army Institutions, such as Metropoles, Rescue Homes, Industrial Homes and Hostels, as well as Children's Homes and Hospitals, there will be bright and happy seasons in which well spread tables, music, singing and Christmas cheer will play a big part.

As will be seen the provision of all this cheer will involve a considerable outlay and to give our friends an opportunity of participating in the first Christmas pots, with Salvation Army Officers in attendance will this year, as in times past, figure on the docket. It is hoped that the response will be in keeping with the real needs which have to be met.



Lieut.-Colonel Richard Adby, Candidates' Secretary, Territorial Headquarters, with Mrs. Adby

The Army at Work in Canadian Prisons

Testimony by a Prisoner

SOME of the privileges allowed to persons undergoing confinement in penal institutions in Canada East are intensely human. One of these is the publication within certain prison walls of a little sheet known as the "Weekly Echo," the Editor being himself a prisoner.

How that gentleman feels toward the Salvation Army may be judged by the following matter from his pen:

"Of all stories, perhaps the one that has brought most hope and encouragement to men incarcerated in penal and corrective institutions is that of the Prodigal Son.

"We who have wandered away from the home, home influences and home companions, and have plunged ourselves deeply into sin, find in this story of the Prodigal Son, a blessed hope and promise for us. It helps us to understand that we are not beyond recovery, and not lost for all time. There is still a chance to make good. We can come back."

The Salvation Army brings this story of the Prodigal Son to us and helps us to understand its fullest

meaning. In every institution Salvation Army Officers are ready and anxious to show men how to live happier, healthier and better lives. And the Army is prepared to go further, it seeks to help men in a material sense as well as in spiritual things.

"I have learned from experience in this institution that the Salvation Army Officers are dedicated to the principles of helpfulness. This helpfulness covers not only the work they carry on so splendidly and persistently in their efforts to bring men closer to God, but is demonstrated in the assistance they give in so many other ways—seeking employment for men who are to be paroled, writing their letters, giving them kindly advice, and serving them in little missions of various kinds to friends and loved ones in the outside world."

"The Salvation Army not only preaches love and helpfulness, but it practices the principles it preaches. That is why so many thousands of men who are in trouble turn to the Army for material help, and are eventually led to seek Salvation."

CHRISTMAS ON THREE CONTINENTS

(Continued from page 7)

Calcutta, from Tokio to Montreal, from Melbourne to Copenhagen, the Army Officers and Soldiers will again this Christmas, to the homes of poverty and want as well as to the thousands of inmates in our Institutions, provide a measure of that joy, peace and comfort that our Saviour comes on earth to bring.

We regret that contrary to expectation, it is impossible to include in the present issue the photos of a number of Comrades, Heralds as well as Officers, who have done exceptionally good work in getting the "War Cry" into the hands of customers. As soon as a representative collection of photos can be completed, we shall be glad to reproduce them. Meanwhile our best thanks are tendered to one and all who, often at personal sacrifice as we know, aid in spreading this Journal as widely as possible.

Full information as to what is required of Candidates for Officership in the Salvation Army may be obtained on application to any responsible Officer, or direct from Territorial Headquarters, Albert Street, Toronto.

THE SILENT WORKER

Why fret you at your work because
The deaf world does not hear and
praise?
Were it so bad, O workman true,
To work in silence all your days?
I hear the traffic in the street,
But not the white worlds o'er the
town
I heard the gun at sunset roar,
I did not hear the sun go down,
Are work and workmen greater when
The trumpet blows their fame
abroad?
Nowhere on earth is found the man
Who works as silently as God!

Little Jacob's Christmas

A STORY OF THE PAST

"ATHER, can I go out with you to-night, on the plain?"
Little Jacob pulled at his father's outer garment and looked wistfully up at him with great soft eyes like his mother's.

Rachel, too, looked up from the waiting baby in her arms.

"May he not go, David? You have promised him to go some time, and the child here is sick. It will be quieter, if Jacob be with you."

"The boy shall go," answered David, "but he must sleep now, for there is no sleep for him there. The wolves have come down from Lebanon, and we keep open eyes and strict watch to-night; but let him be ready at sunset. Is my scrip filled, Rachel?"

"It is filled, and the water-gourd is ready."

So David left the little hut outside of Bethlehem and went to his sheep in the field; and when the sun came hotly down at noon, Jacob curled up on a mat in the corner and slept long and sweetly, for he longed to be out at night among the sleeping sheep and the watching shepherds, and he hid his own little sling and store of smooth pebbles inside the breast of his coat, hoping to slay a wolf himself.

Then the night came softly over Judea: the gentle winds hushed their whispering; the distant ripples of Kedron sung a sleepy song, and on the wide, brown waste of the plain the flocks lay like heaps of fallen clouds, gray in the dim light, and noiseless except when some tiny lamb bleated for the mother it could not find with its half-opened eyes. Jacob clung tightly to David's hand: the silence and the darkness awed him; the plain seemed to meet the sky; he could see only broken line on that clear dark horizon where the roofs of Bethlehem, low and flat, crowned the hill-top; his hand grew chilly in his father's, and David saw the boy was afraid. He spoke to the other shepherds, who sat or stood among the flocks:

"Let us sing the folding psalm, brethren: for the child is strange to the night, and remembereth not the Shepherd of Israel is with us." So two of the men began, in rich, low voices, to chant—

The Lord is my shepherd;
and then the rest answered:

I shall not want.

And the first two sang again—

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,

And another response came:

He leadeth me beside the still waters,

So they went on through the beautiful psalm, and Jacob listened and felt sure that God was there in the night. When the psalm was over, he sat down on the plain beside his father, or walked about the sleeping sheep, and held his sling ready to strike a wolf in the forehead. But no wolves came; the night was still and soft, the dark blue sky was all alight with splendid stars, shining and glittering as they wheeled slowly across the sky—so slowly that little Jacob could not see them move. He did not speak much, for the stillness was like a finger on his lips, but he watched the heavens with wondering eyes, and when his father looked down at him and smiled, Jacob heard him say softly—

The heavens declare the glory of God,

And the firmament sheweth His handwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.

Then Jacob began to wonder how the days spoke; if it was with noisy winds, or birds singing, or the sound of waters far off; and then he fell into a kind of dream, leaning against his father's knee, for it was almost midnight, and David had sat down to rest.

But suddenly, in one breathless moment, both David and Jacob sprang to their feet, and all the other shepherds crowded up to them with pale faces, and open eyes, and trembling knees; for in an instant, without sound or sight, the wide heavens were flooded with light and glory, brighter than the sun at noon; the stars were drowned in light, the radiance flowed in waves of splendor from mid-heaven down to earth, and then, in the deepest depths of glory far above their heads, in the heart of all the shining, appeared a great angel, with robes of whiteness brighter than the gathered light, and a face calm with awful gladness; and the shepherds were sore afraid, for they thought the Day of the Lord was come. But the angel smiled upon them like the sun shining in his strength, and spoke like the voice of the sea for might, yet sweeter than the turtle-doves amid the cedars of Lebanon, and he said unto them:

"Fear not! For behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord! And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger."

Little Jacob heard these words, but he knew them not, except the name of Messiah, for whom he often had heard his mother pray in the evening time, but now, while the glad tidings sounded still, behold! from the bright depths of heaven came angel after angel, countless as the hidden stars, and radiant as light itself; their stainless ranks rayed outward from the vast, calm shape of the Herald Angel like beams from the morning sun, and with a great sound like the flowing of some mighty stream, they sang the song of heaven,—

Glory to God in the highest!
And on earth peace:

Good-will toward men.

The wondrous sound thrilled all the high and glowing heaven, and then, still with strains of glory and peace ringing above and falling fainter and fainter to those below, ranks folded in on rank, the Angel of the Lord leading upward, and the awful splendor gathering up about them, they soared into that glory, and the glory shrouded into their departing cohorts, and the dark midnight sky, feebly starred now to the shepherds' smitten eyes, bent its purple arch again above inclement earth.

David stooped and lifted Jacob in his arms; neither of them could speak, but old Simeon, the oldest of all the Bethlehem shepherds, bent low, and with uncovered head, began the chant,

O come, let us sing unto the Lord!
Let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our Salvation!

With low voices they sang the psalm through, as they turned from the plain before Bethlehem, forgetful of their flocks and herds, caring for nothing but to find the Messiah, the baby in the manger, the Son of God.

And there, indeed, in a rude cavern, where the beasts of burden were shel-

Household Troops Band Memories

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

At length we got off the train on the other side after the snowploughs had been ahead making the line clear. Then slowly we puffed along under dark snow sheds and right clean bang into an enormous drift. And there we stuck. Engines and snow ploughs at length having done their work, we crept on again for a few miles, only to be "held up" again. It was hard to improve the shining hour on this occasion! The long stormy day passed, and still we were an enormous distance from our evening's appoint-

ment by our friend and comrade, Trooper Adjutant Harry Green, who was promoted to glory when the "Empress of Ireland" foundered, conveys some idea of the kind of items we rendered before our Canadian audiences.

Here and there between the quick-change programme, which, of course, included marches and selections by the Band, a Trooper would be called upon to testify for Christ. We were on our mettle then. May we ever maintain the simplicity of those early-day testimonies! Once during every festival, a comrade was called forward to tell in brief the history of the Band. This little tabloid lecturer was always listened to with keen interest.

The Meeting always steadied down during the second hour. Not at once, but skilfully piloted it quietened down slowly and surely, and invariably realized the great object for which Salvation festivals are held.

By the time "When Satan comes in like a flood, God lifts His standard high" was sung, everybody was in the spirit for the Prayer Meeting, and if, before the benediction was pronounced, we had been able to lend a hand in leading souls to the mercy-seat, we felt that we had been more than repaid for all our effort.

Our good-bye meeting with the Territorial Leader was a little informal affair, but it left its impress on our minds and hearts. We were exhorted to be as good, loyal and zealous as we were expected to be, and a few words of kindly counsel were added, then we kuch together, and were committed into the care of God, and with the benedictions of our Canadian comrades and friends ringing in our ears, we crossed a bridge so easily and in such a few minutes, that we could not realize that our Canadian tour was at an end, that



Lieut.-Colonel Nicholson

ment, and our provisions had run out, the steam had gone off.

All too soon came our last Musical Festival in Canada. These festivals were, in our humble judgment, models of what such functions ought to be. The reader must, of course, make every allowance for bias, for we owe frankly to a prejudice in favor of the programmes rendered during that memorable Campaign during which many of our engagements concluded with broken-hearted seekers at the mercy-seat.

The lighter section of the festival always came first. For sixty minutes, or thereabouts, the place would frequently re-echo with the thunders of clapping hands as song after song was sung. Good, hearty laughter generally followed some of the items on the programme. The inimitably-rendered "Knee-Drill Song" was pronounced to be worth a dollar in itself, while the "Drunken Song" to the tune of "Slap, bang, here we are again," was reckoned even higher in value. The "Amen Song" with its "volley" at the end of every verse, which we gave with all the stops out, springing to our feet to do so, several times during the song was a very popular feature. "The Army A.B.C." was pronounced first rate, and was never sung for the first time before a Canadian audience without meeting with a good reception. Such striking and original songs as these were rendered between the various instrumental items, to mention one of which, to wit, the inspiring Salvation music on piano forte



On the march

for better, or worse, it had gone, that even God Himself could not recall the opportunities that once were ours. You may be sure we crossed the border from St. Stephen to Calais in a sober frame of mind, and that more than once we cast a "longing, lingering look behind."

the inn heard it and adored. Mary shut up all these things in her heart, and little Jacob gazed on the calm, sad face of the Mighty Child, and went away with a vision in his soul that never left it while life remained.

"And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen;

as it was told unto them."

This was little Jacob's Christmas.

THE "WAR CRY" ALMANAC

JANUARY

M 1 Continue in prayer and watch.
T 2 Have faith in God.
W 3 Be not weary in well-doing.
Th 4 Let the word say, "I am strong."
F 5 And make me dwell in safety.
S 6 If we suffer we shall also reign with Him.
S 7 The prayer of a righteous man availeth much.
M 8 It behoved Christ to suffer. [much.]
T 9 The Lord will bear His people.
W 10 The shame of the death of the flesh.
Th 11 Sin hath no dominion over us.
F 12 We are called to be saints.
S 13 Made white in the Blood of the Lamb.
M 14 Christ liveth in us.
W 15 But we know how frail I am.
M 16 Avoid unprofitable conversation.
W 17 He will be very gracious unto thee.
Th 18 I will make thee a blessing.
F 19 Come unto the Lord to him.
S 20 With God all things are possible.
M 21 We are co-workers with God.
T 22 All my sins are blotted out.
W 23 Thou shalt be His witness to all men.
Th 24 Watch and pray; good cheer.
F 25 Will be glad and rejoice in Thee.
S 26 Go, and I will bless thee.
M 27 It is the Blood that maketh Atonement.
M 28 The joy of the Lord is thy strength.
M 29 Repent ye and believe the Gospel.
W 30 Continue ye in My love.

FEBRUARY

Th 1 The Lord preserveth the faithful. [you.]
F 2 The Lord is faithful, who shall establish
S 3 Redemption through the Blood of Jesus.
M 4 He will reward according to the Word.
M 5 He that believeth is born of God.
W 6 Let brotherly love continue.
T 7 Overcomers will with good.
F 8 Not you, but other men.
S 9 Enter into temptation.
W 10 Strive to enter in at the strait gate.
M 11 He shall bring all things to your
Abstain from all evil. [remembrance.]
T 12 We have a promise with the Father.
W 13 He will prove faithful to the faint.
Th 14 The servant of the Lord must not strive.
F 15 Ye shall dwell in the land in safety.
S 16 Glory and honor are in His presence.
M 17 Will pass away unto you.
W 18 Ask in faith, nothing doubting.
T 19 Commit thy way unto the Lord.
Th 20 Thou art my hiding place.
F 21 I cast all my sorrows on Thee.
S 22 Boast not thyself of to-morrow.
M 23 The Lord is my strength and song.
W 24 Arise, shine, for thy light is come.
T 25 My heart shall rejoice in Thy Salvation.
W 26 The Lord shall be thy everlasting light.

MARCH

Th 1 The fear of man bringeth a snare.
F 2 We are made nigh by the Blood of Christ.
S 3 Salvation is of the Lord.
M 4 The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.
W 5 Seek ye Me, and ye shall live.
T 6 Whosoever humbleth himself shall be
My soul is athirst for God. [exalted.]
F 7 Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
S 8 Being not justified by His Blood.
M 9 Not as we will, but as Thou. [will.]
M 10 I know that My Redeemer liveth.
T 11 That he is soon angry dealeth foolishly.
W 12 The fire shall try every man's work.
M 13 If any man be vexed, let him be.
F 14 He will strengthen and settle thy soul.
S 15 Ye have not received the spirit of bondage.
M 16 All my desire is unto Thee. [fage.]
T 17 Be filled with the Holy Ghost.
F 18 Stand up and be men. [necessities.]
W 19 A wounded spirit who can bear?
Th 20 In the midst of life we are in death.
F 21 I live by faith in the Son of God.
S 22 God turns our mourning into joy.
M 23 The law of the Spirit of life in the members of
M 24 Stand up and bless the Lord. [men.]
T 25 Seek ye the Lord and His strength.
W 26 He maketh sore, and He binds up.
T 27 He causeth from anger, and fret not.
F 28 He shall choose our inheritance.
S 29 The law is not made for the righteous.

APRIL

M 1 Give not the right Spirit.
M 2 The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.
T 3 Thou hast girded me with strength.
W 4 Let us walk in the light of the Lord.
Th 5 With God all things are possible.
F 6 The coming of the Lord is near nigh.
S 7 Thy mercies come also unto me.
M 8 Create in Me a clean heart, O God.
M 9 I will pour out My spirit upon you.
W 10 I will gird you with my whole heart.
T 11 Before I was afflicted I was weak.
F 12 Thou art my hiding place and my shield.
S 13 Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord.
M 14 In thy presence is fullness of joy.
W 15 With thy light shall I renew the light.
S 16 Renew a right spirit within me.
M 17 He that walketh uprightly walketh
W 18 Walls as children of light. [surely.]
T 19 With loving kindness have I drawn thee.
F 20 I will lay thy burden on my brethren.
S 21 He will heal thy backsliding.
M 22 Look carefully how ye walk.
W 23 I will put new spirit within you.
T 24 We love Him because He first loved us.
F 25 The promise may be far off or nigh.
W 26 Run with patience the race set before you.
Th 27 Cleave unto the Lord your God. [endure.]
F 28 Sanctify them happy which
S 29 Faith, it is hath no works, is dead.
M 30 Pray without ceasing.

MAY

T 1 God and His Spirit hath sent me.
W 2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord.
Th 3 All we like sheep have gone astray.
F 4 We have left the way and the good Soldier of
S 5 Christ died for our sins. [Jesus.]
M 6 Come, let us worship before the Lord.
T 7 God is a refuge for His saints.
F 8 No man nor angel have redeemed thee.
S 9 I sought that Lord, and He did not care for me.
W 10 Hold thou me up and I shall be safe.
F 11 He preserveth the souls of His saints.
S 12 Be sober, and watch unto prayer.
M 13 See, the old历年 and walk there.
T 14 Now are we light in the Lord.
W 15 Look unto Me, and be ye saved.
T 16 Be glad in the Lord and rejoice.
F 17 Fear the Lord and serve Him.
S 18 Rest in His peace by Jesus Christ.
M 19 Pray without ceasing.
T 20 Let not darkness overtake you.
W 21 The Spirit beareth witness with us.
F 22 We are the children of the light.
S 23 Let us put on the armor of light.
M 24 He filleth the hungry soul with goodness.
T 25 To him that knocketh it shall be opened.
F 26 They that seek Me early shall find Me.
S 27 Haste ye, go forth, bring charge of
M 28 Stand fast in one Spirit. [the] T 29 Thou art my rock and my fortress.
W 30 Lord, teach us to pray.
S 31 There is forgiveness with Thee.

JUNE

S 1 I am with you in the Spirit.
M 2 Be thou an example of righteousness.
T 3 Speak to the people the words of life.
W 4 Even now, now, now, now, now,
S 5 What accord with Christ with Jeihaz.
M 6 The Lord is not slack concerning His
Love God with all thine heart. [promise.]
T 7 The Lord knoweth how to deliver the
S 8 Righteousness unto me in low estate. [glory.]
M 9 Our testimony among you was believed.
T 10 His own self bare our sins.
W 11 My Spirit shall not always strive with
S 12 Sir ye the secret with understanding. [man.]
M 13 When offend, judge gently. [Me.]
F 14 Pray for another.
S 15 The body without the spirit is dead.
T 16 Ye shall be witnesses unto Me.
W 17 Ye shall be witnesses unto Me.
F 18 Ye shall be witnesses unto Me.
S 19 Ye shall be witnesses unto Me.
T 20 Ye are the children of light.
W 21 Godly sorrow worketh repentance.
F 22 Whosoever is right I will give you.
S 23 I will give you the gift of life.
M 24 Earnestly contend for the faith.
T 25 Keep thy tongue from evil.
W 26 Beloved, follow that which is good.
F 27 God hath given to us eternal life.
S 28 Follow that which is good.
M 29 He that doth the will of God abideth for
S 30 God hath given them strength. [ever]

JULY

S 1 Mine eyes have seen the Lord.
M 2 Abide in Me, and I in you.
T 3 The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities.
W 4 Ye are the sons of the Living God.
T 5 I love them that love Me.
F 6 They that are not of Me are dead unto sin.
S 7 To Him give all the prophets witness.
M 8 They preached, the Lord working with
I 9 It is God that justifieth. [them.]
W 10 Is there among you hard for Me?
T 11 I add, godliness, brotherly kindness.
F 12 Great in counsel—mighty in work.
S 13 With loving kindness have I drawn thee.
M 14 Thou art the God of my salvation.
T 15 Come unto the fellowship of Jesus.
W 16 I will love Thee, O Lord.
T 17 The Son of God . . . gave Himself for me.
W 18 They overcame by the word of their
I 19 Love is stronger than death. [testimony.]
T 20 He loved his friends more than them.
S 21 Seek ye Me, and ye shall live.
M 22 Children of God and such we are.
B 23 Behold, I come seeking fruit.
T 24 The gift of God is eternal life.
W 25 I will give you the gift of thy soul.
T 26 Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable
F 27 What think ye of Christ? [gift.]
S 28 The Blood of Jesus cleanseth us from
M 29 Sanctified in Christ Jesus. [is] S 30 The love of Christ constraineth us.
T 31 Exercise thyself rather unto godliness.

AUGUST

M 1 A friend loveth at all times. [mouth.]
T 2 Let not arrogancy come out of your
F 3 In God is our confidence.
S 4 Freely ye have received, freely give.
S 5 Ye have been called unto liberty.
M 6 Therefore, let not sin reign in your body.
T 7 Take up thy cross, and follow Me.
W 8 The instruction of fools is folly.
T 9 With all thy getting, get understanding.
F 10 Better is it to go to the poor in gold.
S 11 Than to be rich and finding out
M 12 Called unto His eternal glory.
S 13 There is no fear in love.
T 14 Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.
F 15 The Word of the Lord endureth for ever.
W 16 How long shall I mourn? [till] S 17
T 17 I will seek the Lord with my whole
F 18 Thou art my hiding place. [heart.]
S 19 Press toward the mark for the prize.
M 20 Of you all the promises.
T 21 The Father Himself loveth you.
W 22 At thy right hand . . . are pleasures for
T 23 As for God His way is perfect, forevermore.
F 24 Ye have ye come unto Me.
S 25 I will bear their backsailing.
M 26 Come boldly unto the throne of grace.
T 27 Let patience have her perfect work.
W 28 I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength.
T 29 In the Lord I will trust. [strength.]
W 30 And for the appearance of our Saviour
F 31 Return unto Me, I have redeemed thee.